

ANNALES

1913



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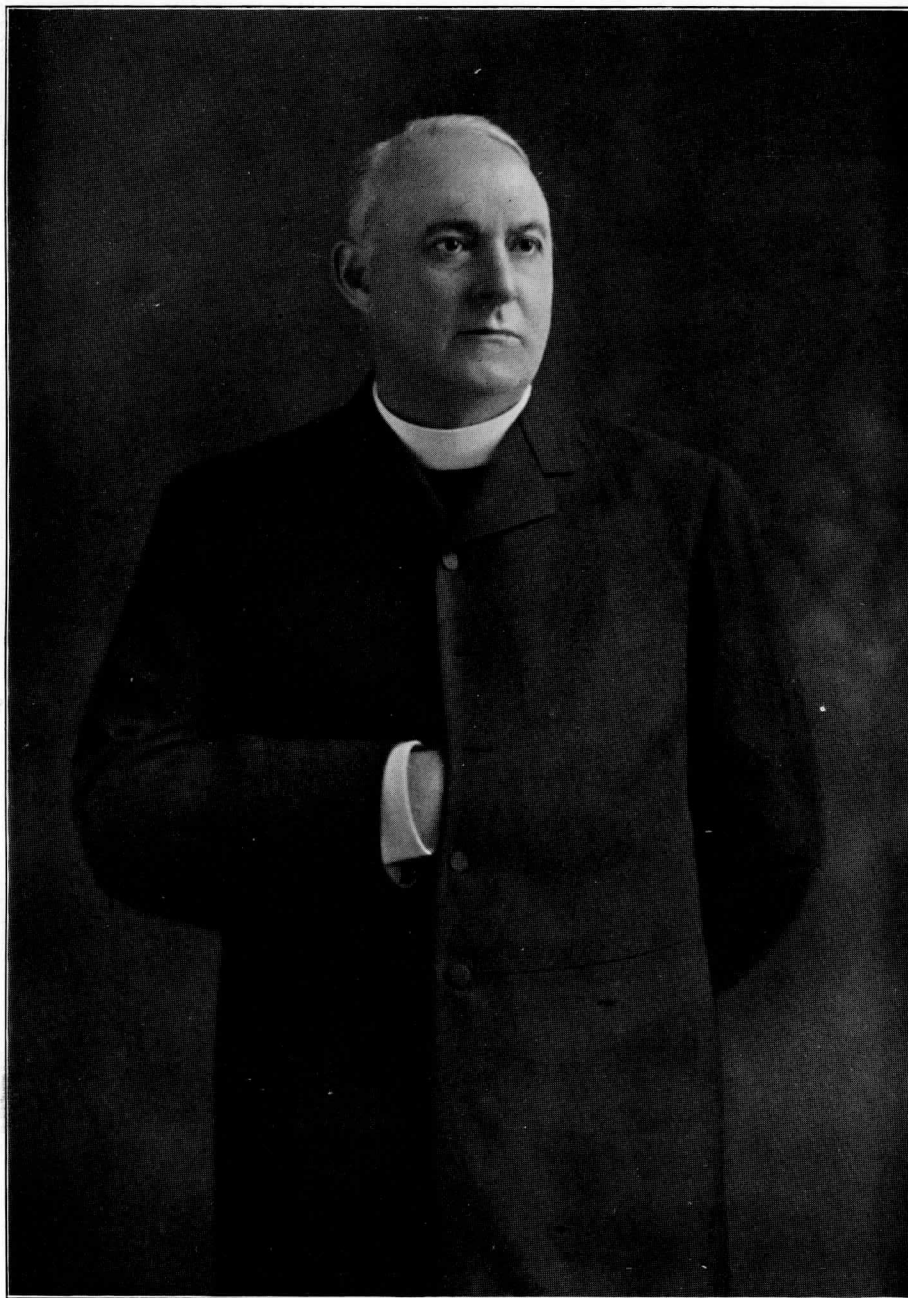
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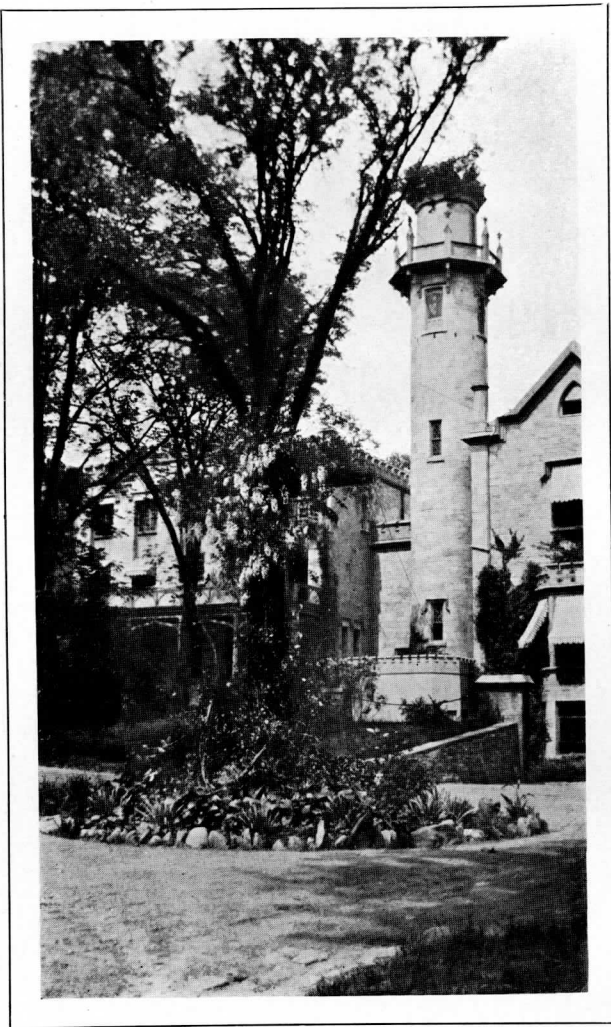
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The Senior Class
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MCMXIII



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To the Reverend
MICHAEL C. O'FARRELL

with the appreciation of
The Class of
nineteen hundred and thirteen



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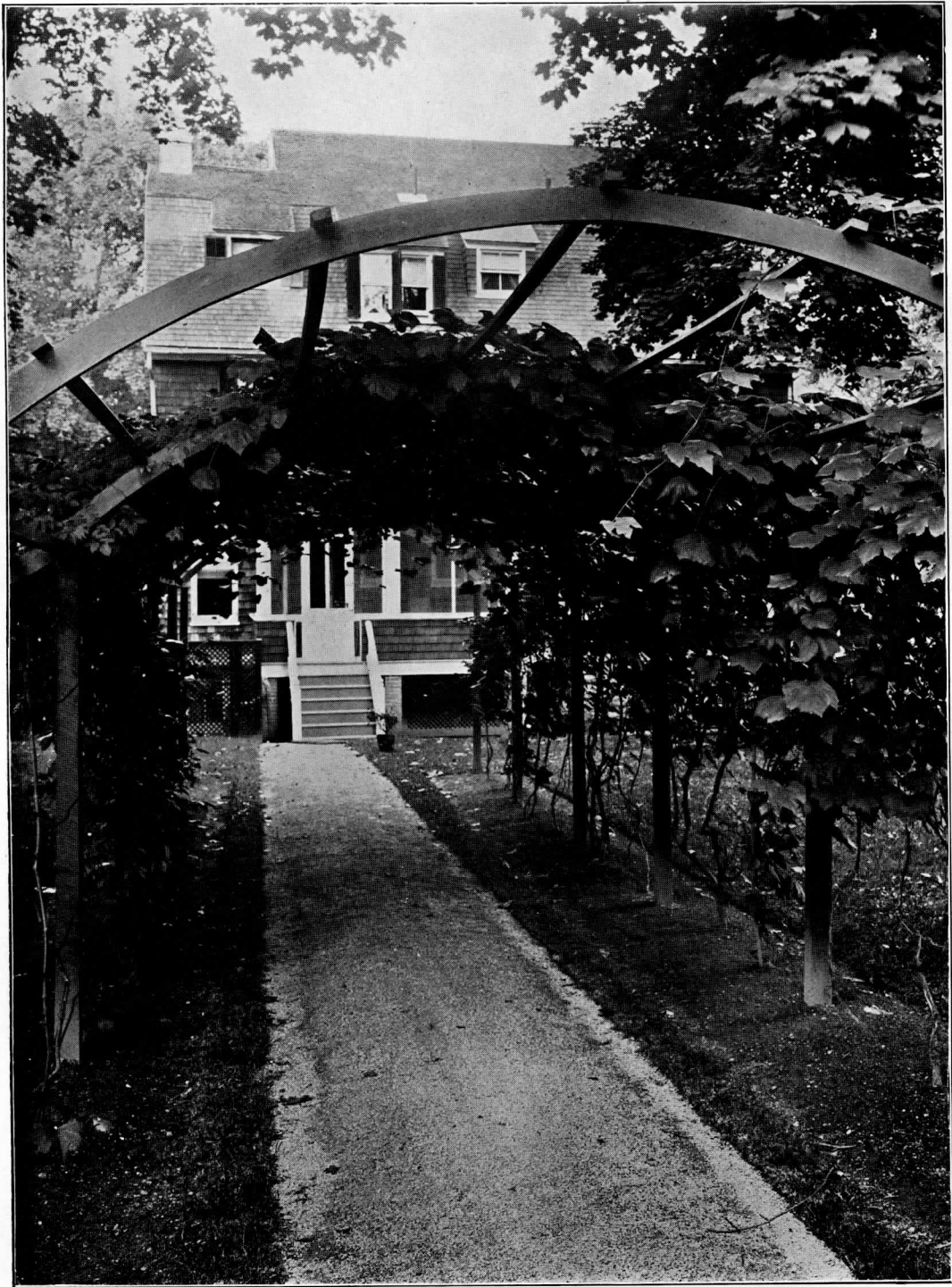
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Reverend Thomas McLoughlin

Vice-President of the College of New Rochelle

Died

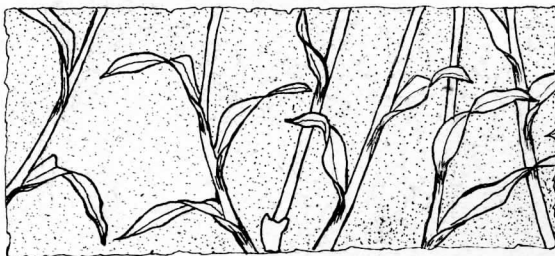
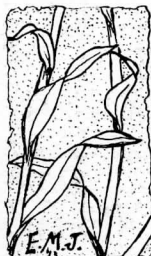
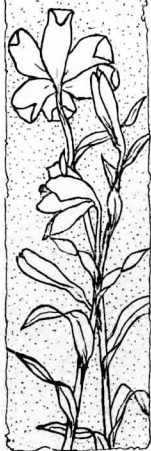
February seventeenth, nineteen hundred and thirteen



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of the
Children of Mary

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E.M.J.





Sodality Bazaar

In the College Gymnasium, on Friday night, Dec. 6,
Saturday afternoon and Saturday night, Dec. 7, 1912

Committees

Refreshments

The Sophomore Class

Entertainment

Louise Seymour, *Chairman*

Booths

The Rose Tree

Helen Howley

Fancy Articles

The Alumnae

Lingerie Booth

The Senior Class

Pointsetta Booth

The Junior Class

Freshman Fancy Table

Natalie Collins

Candy Table

The Sophomore Class

General Utility Store

The Freshman Class



Refreshments served in the Art Room

Entertainment in the Office and on the Stage

December the Eighth

High Mass celebrated by Rev. P. A. Halpin, Ph.D.
8 A. M.

Concone's Mass sung by College Choir

Reception of New Members

Procession of Students
and
Coronation of the Blessed Virgin

Sodality Dance

Entertainment Committee

Beatrice Warren
Winifred Demarest

Catherine Ball
Margaret McCarthy



The Student Advisory Board

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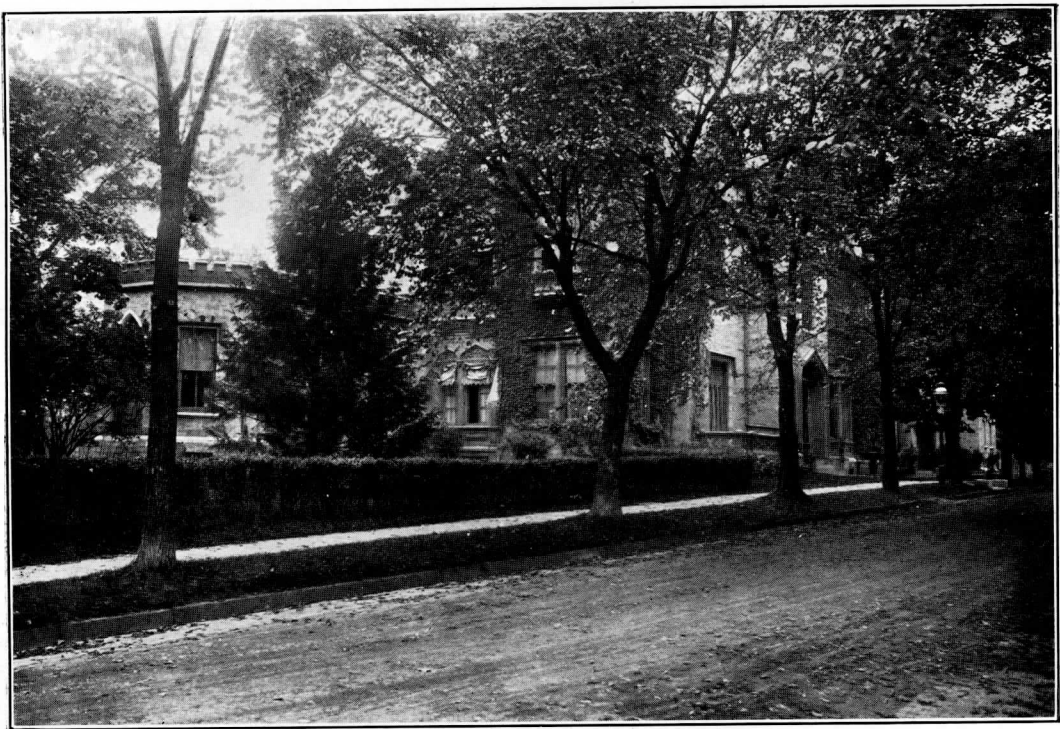
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| Gertrude Callan, '13 | Letitia Murphy, '14 |
| Mary Hannon, '13 | Katherine Ball, '15 |
| Catherine Finnigan, '14 | Claire Mitchell, '16 |
| Natalie Collins, '16 | |

In Facultate

| | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Mother M. de Sales | Mother M. Ignatius | Mother M. Loyola |
|--------------------|--------------------|------------------|



Alpha Alpha
Philosophical Society



ALPHA ALPHA

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Moderator

Anna C. Donlin, '13
President

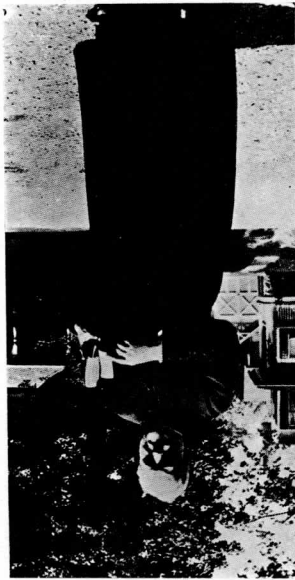
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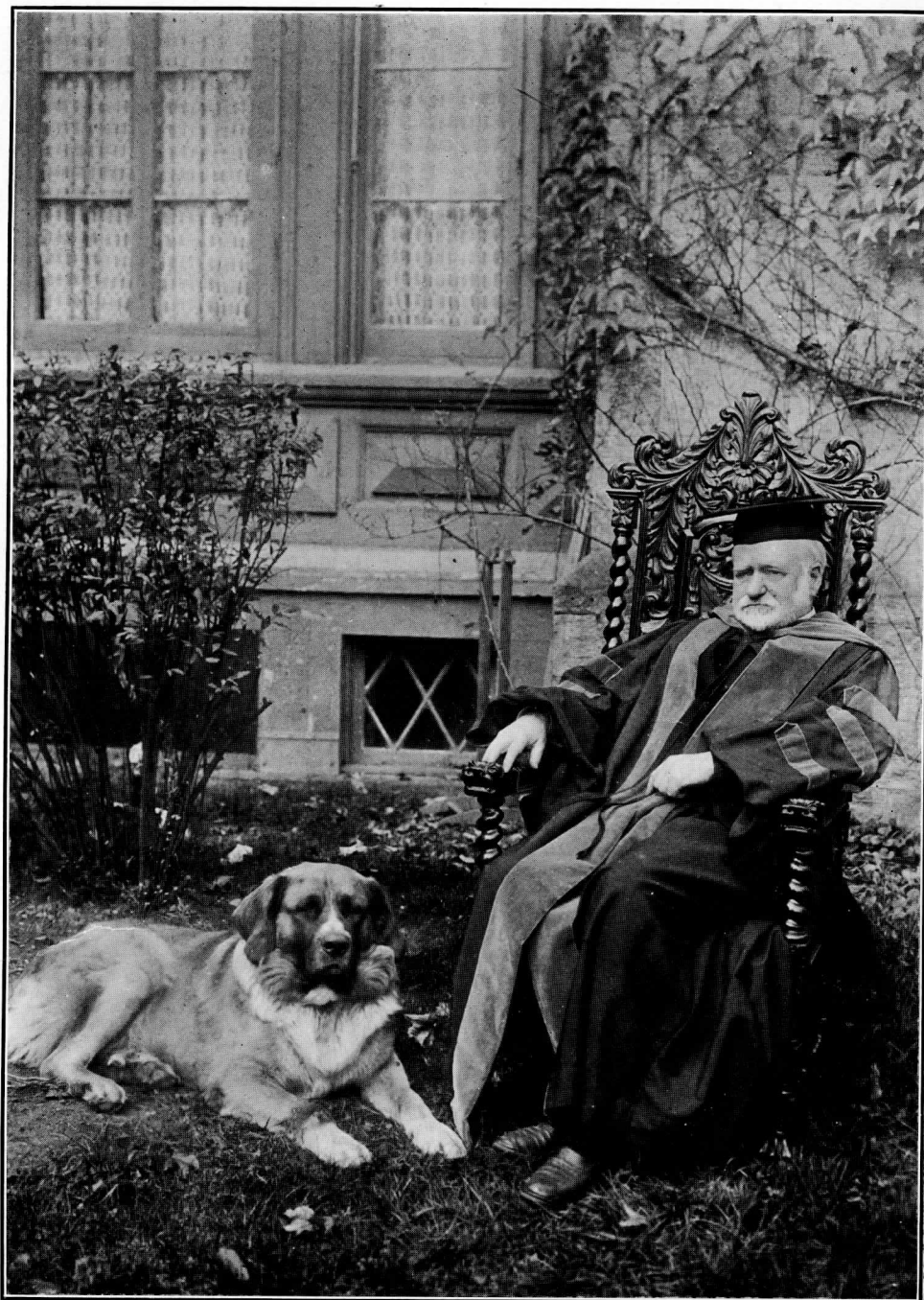
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Mistress of Ceremonies





REV. PATRICK A. HALPIN, Ph.D.
Professor of Philosophy





The Dramatic Club



ESTELLE H. DAVIS

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines."



Officers

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
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| ✓ Winifred Demarest | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| Anna G. Cody | <i>Treasurer</i> |
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| ✓ Dorothy Hume | |
| ✓ Letitia Murphy | <i>Property Mistress</i> |
| ✓ Louise Seymour | <i>Press Agent</i> |
| Frances Spaulding | <i>Musical Director</i> |
| Estelle H. Davis | <i>Coach</i> |

The Sophomore Play

"*Sherwood Echoes*"

By Mary Pyne, '15

| | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Robin Hood..... | Anna L. McMahon |
| Allen-a-Dale..... | Edith A. Swift |
| Will Scarlet..... | Dorothy Hume |
| Will Stately..... | Helen R. Waldron |
| Little John..... | Edwina M. B. Ryan |
| David of Doncaster..... | Ella M. Lonergan |
| Foresters..... | { Ann Hynes Mary S. Barrett |
| Richard Cœur-de-Lion..... | Marie T. McManus |
| Corn Engrosser..... | Elizabeth W. Kent |
| Sheriff of Nottingham..... | Katherine M. Ball |
| Hubert..... | Josephine M. Keating |
| Cuthbert..... | Marie C. Fleming |
| Hildebrand..... | Consuela S. Barbarossa |
| Guards..... | { Ellen T. King Alida H. Hamilton |
| Diçcon..... | Frances M. Fleming |
| Maid Marion..... | Mary Pyne |
| Anne—the Sheriff's Daughter..... | Mary E. Donegan |
| Ellen..... | Olive L. March |
| Abigail..... | A. Loretta Cöyne |
| Dame Hutchinson..... | Mary F. Lally |

- ACT I—Scene I. Sherwood Forest; afternoon.
 Scene II. A roadside nearby; late afternoon same day. (After Howard Pyle.)
- ACT II—Scene I. The same; late afternoon.
 Scene II. The Sheriff's kitchen; evening of the same day.
 Scene III. The same; two hours later.
- ACT III—Sherwood Forest; the next morning.

Senior Campus Play

Electra of Sophocles

Wednesday, May 28th, 1913

| | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------|
| Beatrice Warren..... | Orestes, Brother of Electra |
| Anna Cody..... | Tutor to Orestes |
| Edith Leeming..... | Clytemnestra, the Queen |
| Mary O'Reilly..... | Aegisthus, the King |
| Ethel Jettinghoff..... | Chrysothemis, Sister of Electra |
| Dorothy Hume..... | Pylades |
| Eleanor Brady..... | Electra |
| Mary Keating..... | A Priest |
| Frances Petty..... | } Acolytes. |
| Elizabeth Kilday..... | |
| Ann Hynes..... | } Attendants of Aegisthus. |
| Alida Hamilton..... | |
| Virginia C. May..... | } Attendants of Clytemnestra |
| Letitia Murphy..... | |

CHORUS.

| | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| Grace Monahan..... | 1st Speaking Part of Chorus | |
| Winifred Demarest..... | 2nd Speaking Part of Chorus | |
| May Kenney..... | 3rd Speaking Part of Chorus | |
| Margaret McCarthy | Frances Fleming | Margaret McDonald |
| Anna Smith | Natalie Collins | Jeanette Lynch |
| Anne Hamilton | Vera Roche | Charlotte Mulligan |

The Mid-Year Play

Saturday, March 1st, 1913

“The Learned Ladies”—Moliere

Translations by Curtis H. Page

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Chrysale, a worthy citizen..... | Edith Leeming |
| Philaminte, wife of Chrysale..... | Winifred Demarest |
| Armande } Daughters of Chrysale { | Elnor Brady |
| Henriette } and Philaminte { | Ethel Jettinghoff |
| Ariste, Brother of Chrysale..... | Ann McMahon |
| Belise, Sister of Chrysale..... | Katherine Ball |
| Clitandre, in love with Henriette..... | Dorothy Hume |
| Trissotin, a wit..... | Beatrice Warren |
| Vadius, a scholar..... | Frances Fleming |
| Martine, Kitchen Maid..... | Anna Cody |
| Lysine, a lackey..... | Helen Waldron |
| A Notary..... | Mary O'Reilly |

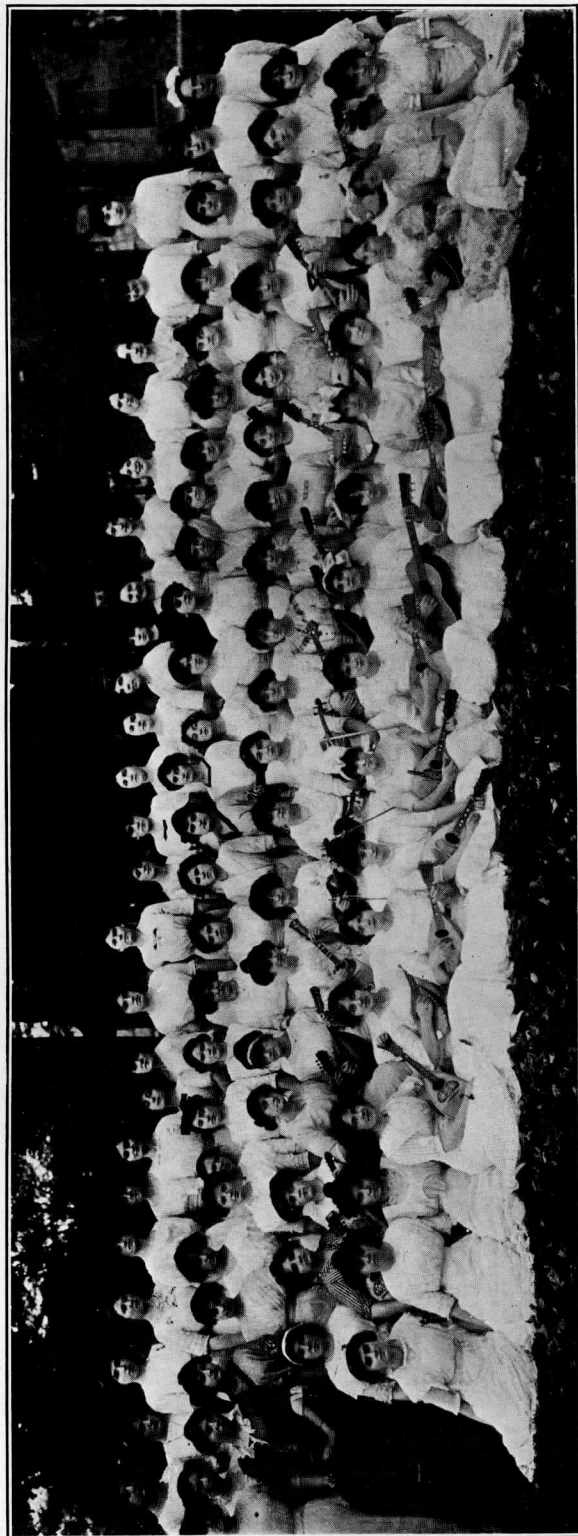
Scene—Paris, in Chrysale's house.



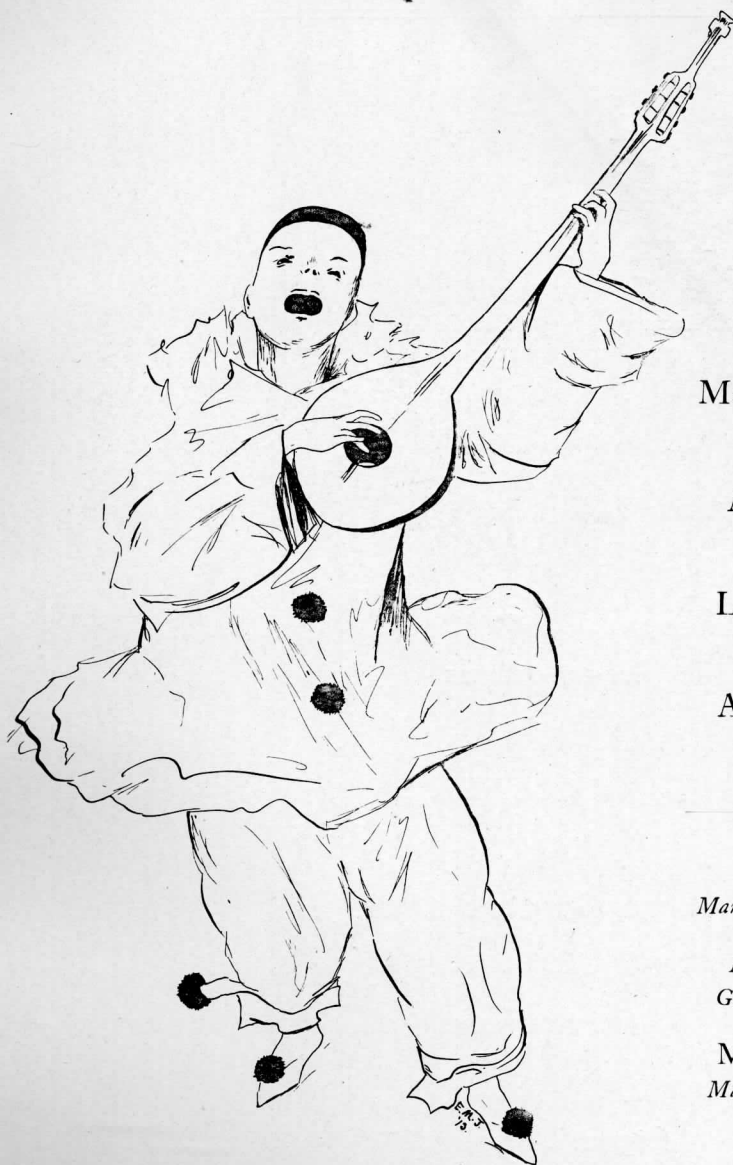
"What does she mean? The thing is important then?"



The Glee Club



St. Angela's Glee Club



Officers

Marie C. Langdon
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Anna G. Cody
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Letitia Murphy
Secretary

Alice Mahoney
Treasurer

Frances Petty
Mandolin Club Accompanist

Alice Mahoney
Glee Club Accompanist

Marie McManus
Mandolin Club Manager

Glee Club Concert

Friday evening, May 9th, 1913

Program



Olaf Trygvason *Edward Greig*

Glee Club

(Accompanied by Miss McGuirk)

A Dream *J. C. Bartlett*

Mandolin Club

Songs

John Cleary

"The Night has a Thousand Eyes" . . . *Ethelbert Nevin*

Select Chorus

Kentucky Babe *Adam Geibel*

Mandolin Club

Songs

Joseph Cummings Chase

Indian Cradle Song *H. Alexander Matthews*

Select Chorus

Violin Solo

Sigmund Groskopf

"Goodnight, Beloved" *Ciro Pinsuti*

Glee Club

The Athletic Association



Officers

May Dennehy
President

Edith Leeming
Vice-President

Anna McMahon
Secretary

Olive Harvey
Treasurer

Wearers of the N. R.

1911

Vera Babcock
Elizabeth Burr

Ellen M. O'Donnell
Susan P. Sargent

1912

Marie E. Leahy
Mary A. Simpson

Marguerite I. Tait
Julia F. Sullivan

Hazel S. Toohey

1913

Eleanor Brady
May Dennehy

Mary Keating
Edith Leeming

1914

Evelyn McMahon

Ruth Seymour

Mid-Year Meet

March 15, 1913



Program

Open Order March
Presentation of Class Numerals
Presentation of Varsity Letters
By REV. P. A. HALPIN, Ph.D.

| Military March | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| Sophomore and Freshman Classes | |
| Dumb-bell Drill | - - - - - Sophomores |
| Skating Dance | - - - - - Sophomores |
| Indian Club Dance | - - - - - Freshmen |
| Rustic Dance | - - - - - Freshmen |

Inter-Class Basket Ball Game

Won by Class of 1915. Score, 24-18

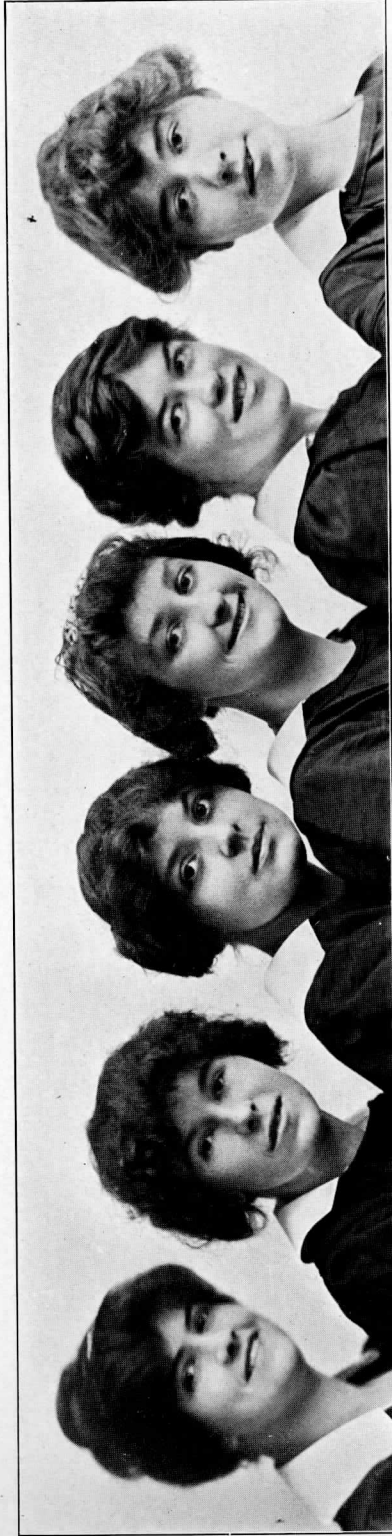
Field Day—May 31, 1913

Basket Ball Team—Class of 1916



Frances Petty Adele Brady Irene Komora Natalie Collins Monica Ryan Helen Langdon Ellen King
(Manager) *(Captain)*

Basket Ball Team—Class of 1915



Gertrude Coyne Elizabeth Kent Margaret Ransome Marie McManus Edwina Ryan Anna McMahon
(Manager) *(Captain)*

The Varsity Basket Ball Team



Mary Keating May Dennehy Ruth Seymour Edith Leeming Eleanor Brady
(*Captain*)
Evelyn McMahon





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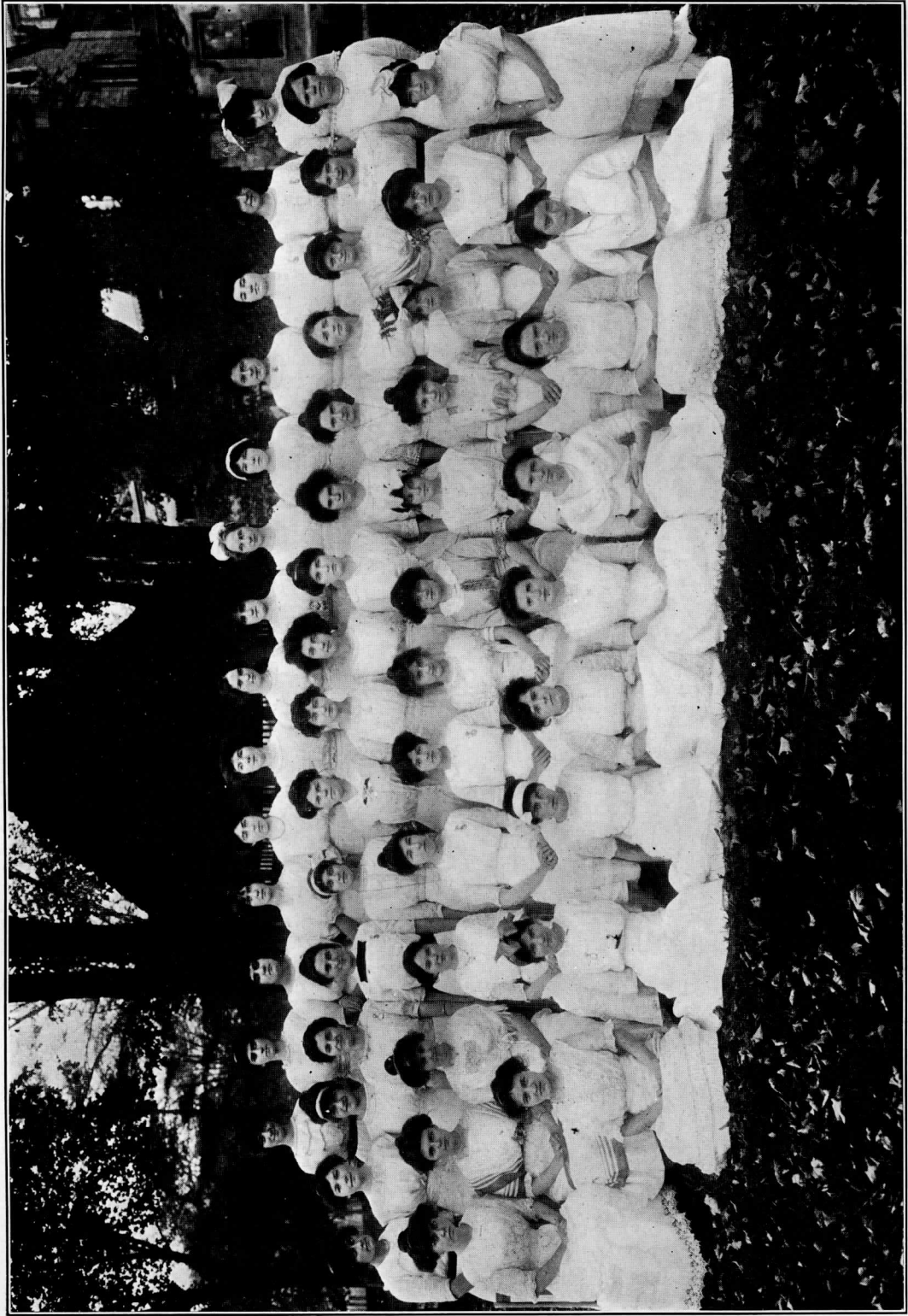
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The Classes



CLASS OF 1916

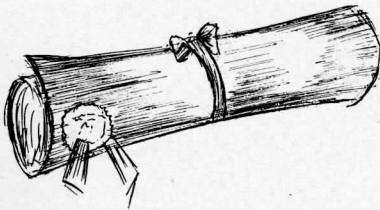
Interviews with College Celebrities

on the

Important Question

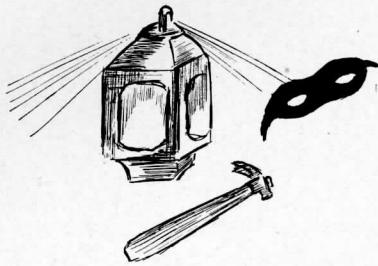
of the

Class of nineteen sixteen



I FOUND Miss Senior seated comfortably on the porch of '38.' In answer to my query regarding the class of '16' she declared "They are nice children. They are infants as yet, of course, but I think that they will improve under the careful and continual supervision of the College. Their ability? Well—they've done a little something in Dramatics." They gave the first evidences of talent in the Sophomore play—where three of them gave remarkable imitations of foresters, and a

fourth spoke her line, 'Come, my men. Let's be off!' so explosively that the papier maché wall shook. Then their own little sketch, 'The Girl from Mont. Bijou,' was charming. Written and staged by one of their own members, you know." I ventured a question about their ability in other lines. "Why I really can't say. You see, I'm so busy with my own affairs that I fear I have neglected them a bit. Yet they seem to be making their way. Yes, I think I may say they get along quite well. As I remarked before, they are dear children." She yawned slightly. Unable to get any further information, I realized that this was my dismissal and departed in search of Miss Junior.



She was at home in "23" perusing "Pride and Prejudice." When I mentioned the cause of my visit she immediately cast that absorbing novel aside. "Ah, the Freshmen!" she exclaimed temperamentally. "They are lovely! We never expected such a big class, and it took us some time to recover from the shock. Considering their size I smiled secretly when I

heard that the Sophomores had summoned them for trial in the Castle Court on the charge of Grave Larceny. 1916 was accused of stealing knowledge from the College. The trial was amusing. I saw it from the hallway.

The next few months were spent in school duties, during which the famous Breen's Goat was originated. When this farce was at its height the Freshmen decided to bury it. So the entire class in Cap and Gown attended the cremation and burial of the celebrated goat. It was really very funny. That was the first of the many little original ideas carried out and it evoked in me a great amount of admiration. Last night we gave them a dance and entertained them with a scene from 'La Tosca,' impersonations of some of the Freshmen, and a little sketch with a moral. Oh, yes, we like them so well—that—" Miss Junior was loathe to drop the subject of discussion and at length leaving her I wandered by Castle Place.



Here I met Miss Sophomore strolling about the campus. I begged permission to join, and taking out my pad and pencil, plunged at once into my usual question. It did not produce the same pleasing effect on her as it had on Miss Junior.

"The Class of '16?" she asked. "Yes," she said condescendingly. "The Freshmen are all right now. When they first came they were so many that we gazed on them curiously, yet hopelessly, we thought they were so bold. After a month had passed we discovered they had improved on

acquaintance. They invited us to a Salamagundi Party, and we certainly did enjoy it. At little tables throughout the room there were bowls of peanuts, of beans and of other little things which figured in the contest. It was such fun.

I really think, though, that we enjoyed the Freshmen most in the Winter. They never missed a day when the ice held on the pond, or sleigh riding was possible on the hill. So it went on till the meet—the 15th of March. That afternoon on one side of the hall were the cerise roses, on the other, the green balloons. After the tactics, our mascot, a pony, trotted round the hall, then the Freshman mascot came. He was a dear little boy, dressed as a Roman in a white toga with green draperies: on his head he wore a wreath of laurel and in his hands he carried a placard, 'Beware the Ides of March.' It was very effective, but the prophecy was not true. Still the Freshmen showed true sportsmanlike spirit and we had a great banquet that evening.

We have now found that our first impressions were wrong and that instead of being bold they were merely full of life— Well, I'm sorry I must go, this is my period for collateral reading in the Library," and smiling politely, she departed and I went in search of the personage Miss Freshman.



Miss Freshman was on the lawn back of the Country Club, giving a violent impersonation of Lady Macbeth in the sleep-walking scene. When I accosted her, she nonchalantly removed the bright green lamp-shade from her head and the scarlet couch cover which was draped over her shoulders. "Will some woman prepare some food for me! I'll be right back for the doings," she called in the direction of the house. Then she led me to a comfortable seat on one of the trunks on the porch. She seemed in nowise abashed at my personal question. "You don't really want me to give my opinion of my own family? I'll give you a few interesting bits of my life, however, if that will help you at all. What shall we talk? Society? Well, our first social event was the Sophomore Dance. The hall was all Green and White and so pretty that I was proud of my colors. The Sophomores entertained us also with silhouette pictures. They were very clever and funny. In one they imper-

sonated us as the barbarians invading Pelham Road." Had they but known it this much criticized invasion was merely our way of participating in the celebration of the return of Sophomore Texas Boulard. Some of us on this particular day, after dressing as befits Freshmen, journeyed down to Hudson Park. We thoroughly enjoyed ourselves there. We hold as spoils of our triumphal march home, two handsome trophies. It was an event not to be shortly forgotten as we met many collegians on the way. But I wander from the point you care for, incidents. Our greatest incident is Freshman Day. We decided that being the largest class, we should have a Day to ourselves and selected St. Patrick's Day on account of our colors. With Mother de Sales' aid we made it a success. We first appeared in chapel in Green and White. Then secured permission to wear the Green Betty-bands to class. That afternoon Father Halpin gave us his blessing, and so to the new building and a feast. That night we had a big dinner and afterwards an entertainment. We hope when four years are over to meet again on the 17th of March for the sake of 1916. Since then we have been rather quiet. We've taken a trip to the Italian Villa and held a track meet on the back lawn of '58. But otherwise we have not done anything. The Spring, however, will lend a new spirit and we will redouble our energy." Here she paused and looked at me. "Is that enough?" I nodded and she rushed into the house for her "doings." Completely satisfied with the result of my quest I went to interview the faculty. I quote them.

Mrs. Davis: It took them a little while to find out that College was a serious case, but now that they have found out they go at it with a will.

Madame D. K.: As far as I know I have never seen a class which has as much spirit of enterprise and shows a greater desire to accomplish something.

Prof. Schuler: It is large, it is eager for knowledge. On the whole it is industrious and most of them are very clever.

Sister Xavier: I think their most marked characteristic is mutual aid.

Mother de Sales: They are all darlings.

Miss Randall-Bent: If I had to belong to any class, I would like to belong to the Freshman Class. But since I can't, I hope they will admit me anyway.



Officers

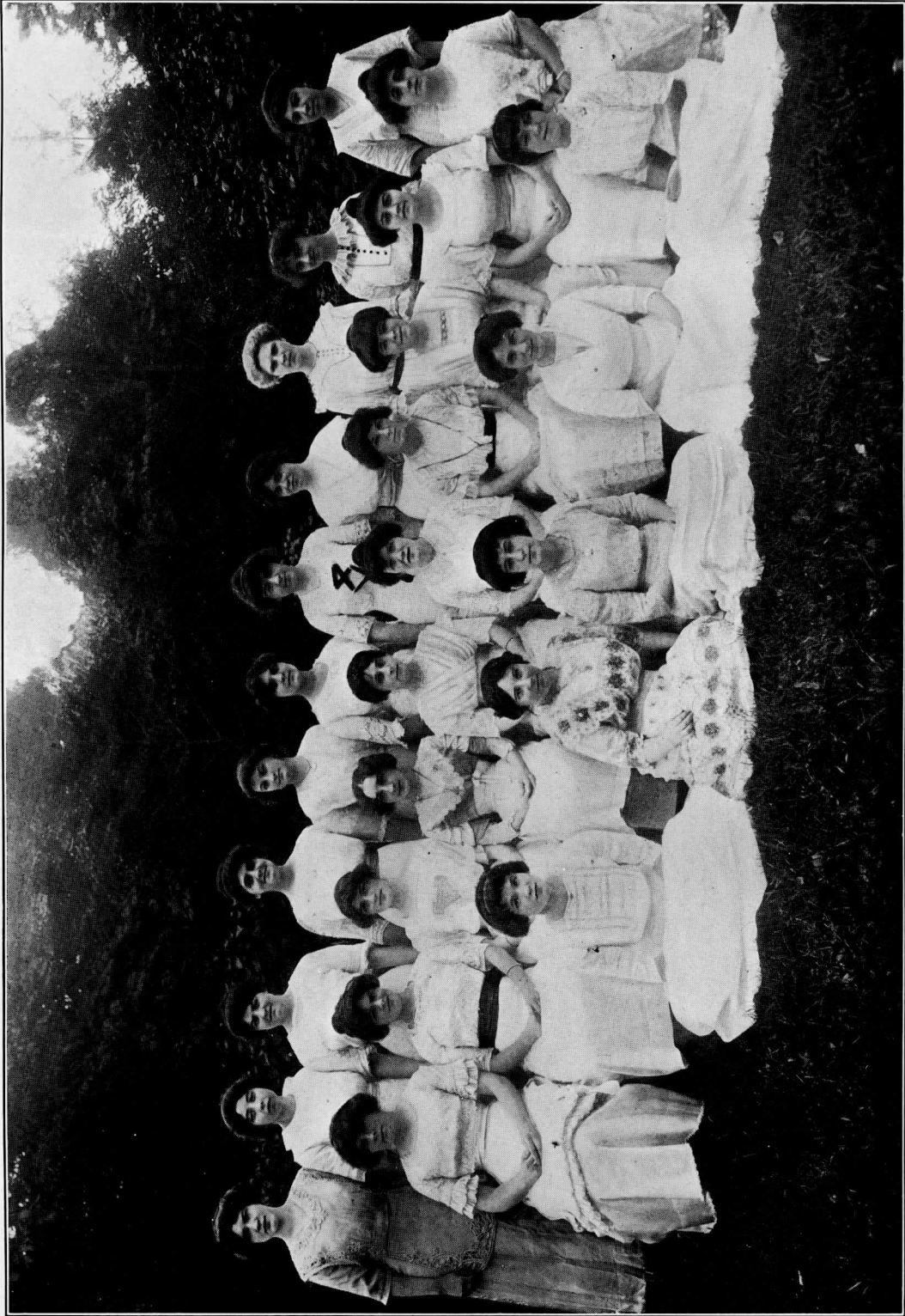
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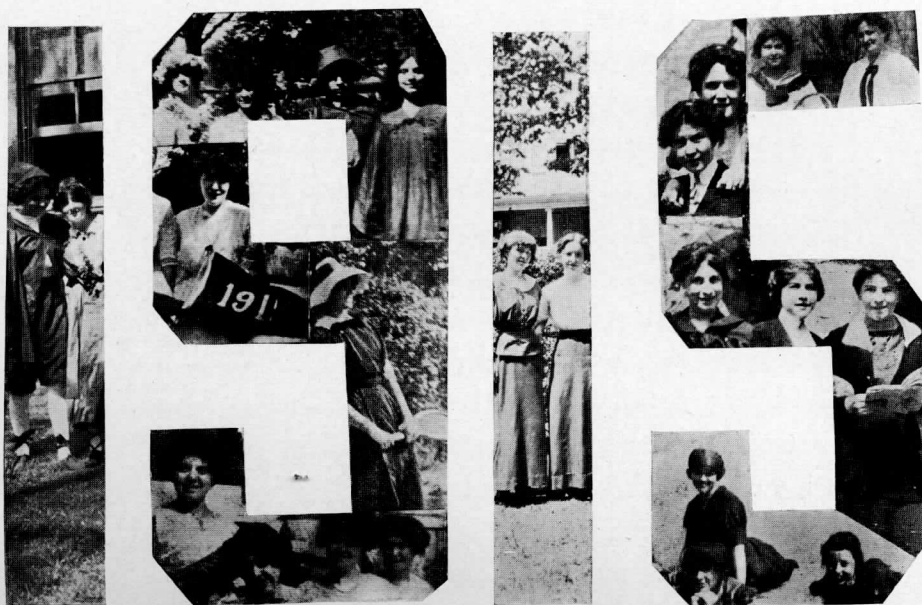
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Secretary

Ellen King
Treasurer





CLASS OF 1915



Fiftena Comedia

Rosa quo locorum sera moratur.—Horace.

"Moratur rosa sera quo locorum,"
 All day the Latin words had lingered, haunting,
 And with them images of eerie spirits,
 Grotesque, and beautiful, fantastic, sorry,
 A medley of bewild'ring shapes and fancies.
 And all because we'd had a Horace lesson,
 And after that a period of English,
 At which one poor unfortunate among us
 The Comedy Divine unravelled for us.
 "Moratur rosa sera quo locorum."
 "That's wrong!" in trumpet tones a voice rang strident,
 And to the voice attached I saw a figure,
 Majestic, wrapped in toga, crowned with laurel;

(A little jot a-slant, but still t'was laurel) ;
 And thus I knew him for an old friend—Horace,
 And greeted him with warmth, not as my custom.
 "'Tis wrong," he cried again, no whit placated.
 "Yes, yes," in trembling haste I reassured him.
 "'Twas twisted but to even up the metre ;
 The trial was to fit you into Dante,
 Whose spirit in an essay hovered o'er us,
 A ten-page, lethal essay," on I hurried.
 "With him oft in my mind I've since confused you."
 I ceased ; low, ominous, I heard a rumbling.
 "Fit me, oh, daring damsel, into *Dante* !
 Whence heard you, girl, that laurels flocked with ear-laps ?
 At any rate, oh, maiden, spare your roses,
 The emblem of so many youthful wearers."
 He soared on high. Thought I, "He thinks I'm Chloe."
 But suddenly his eye caught mine and held it.
 "I don't," said he, "but still I'll take you with me
 'Mid spirits, shades and visions on a journey,
 As once your Dante sang did his friend Virgil,
 And show to you your band as others see you.
 'Twas Bobbie Burns said that—I know him well now.
 He is a cheerful sort and wears no earlaps.
 But come ! I'll show you now your Paradises,
 And yet anon your pale, quick-flitting torments."
 My hand he held, the ground beneath us failing,
 And as through mists I saw a strange procession
 Of judges, friends they were, albeit classmates,
 Rejoicing in possession of full power,
 In sentencing and punishing some green ones,
 Who truly were abject, forlorn and lowly.
 Then passed they on, and vanished from our vision.
 And next I saw a maiden, rapt lips moving.
 She spoke to none, yet never ceased her speaking.
 "She," Horace whispered, "finds her Heaven debating."
 Once more we saw the judges and the green ones.

They whirled as mad things, each judge with a green one.
"That is a dance," my guide informed me slowly.
I nodded, and we left the revel makers;
And then I saw—I saw myself approaching.
I looked at it, and then I straightway felt me
To learn which was myself and which the vision.
The one I gazed on travelled gay and blissful
A stairway steep, that loudly creaked in protest,
So loud indeed I knew I was the vision,
The real me murmuring—descending, mounting,
"So sweet it is to meet again with old friends."
And coming towards us in Parisian splendor,
We saw one whom I knew full well returning
To tell us tales of lands across the water;
And as she glided by, not as her wont was,
I saw tight clasped her gym. suit and her gym. shoes.
From her we passed within a glinty forest,
Beholding there green capped and merry bow-men,
And one, a minstrel youth, who sang full sweetly.
Will Scarlet, too, in flaming, brave attirement,
And here and there young maids who eyed them archly
Next Horace led me from the sun-flecked forest
To where in gloomy greyness loomed a castle.
"Within are punishments," he said, "not lasting,"
And as he spoke, behold! a youth, hard panting,
His penance such that he a wall was vaulting
Continuously, not knowing when 'twas breaking.
For mighty was the youth, and frail the stone wall.
We left the hapless boy, loud shrieks attracting
To where a young girl, frantic, ran in circles,
Pursued, she thought, by one small rat who fled her.
Anon we came upon a luckless maiden
Whose duty 'twas to silent keep her henchmen.
A line of them there was, she vainly striving
To hush the whispering that grew so strongly,
It blew her off each time she struggled near them.

We left her there still battling to approach them.
And not far off a band, in durance weary,
Constrained to read dry volumes, large and heavy,
Their eyeballs glazed had grown, and this the penance—
That whirling round in free and loose rotation.
The eye should sight each word as it was passing!
“Enough of this!” I cried. “Once more the sunlight!”
We left those gloomy doors, and at the gateway
A shaft of blinding light shut off our vision.
And as we looked again we saw gay colors
Borne by a happy throng, who followed shouting
Six happy victors, in their midst a pony.
“These,” Horace said—but even as he spoke them
The words trailed off; his form grew faint and misty.
He vanished then from underneath his laurels—
They hung, fresh picked from morning, on my bureau
(A little jot a-slant, but still 'twas laurel).
And I, awake, no more of classmates dreaming,
Sat up, and looking out beheld the starlight.





Officers

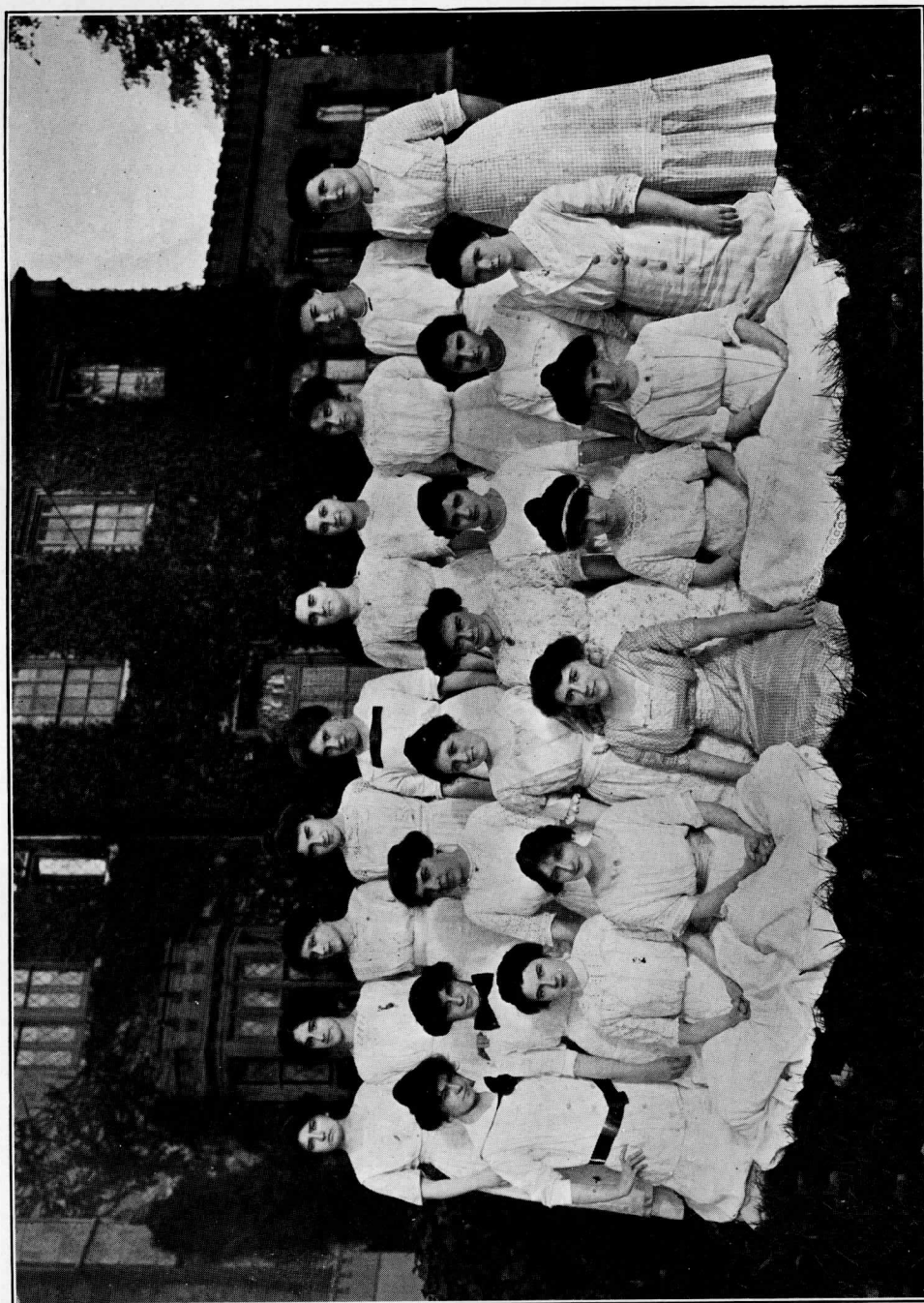
Katherine Ball
President.

Elizabeth Kent
Vice-President.

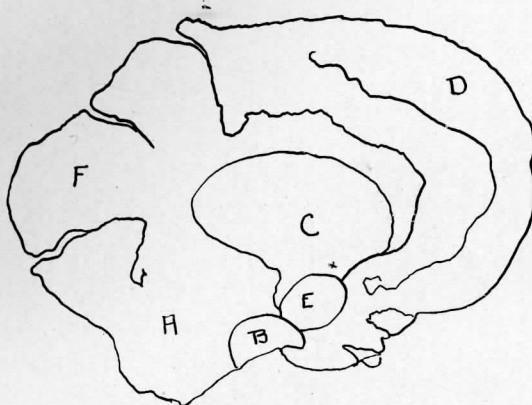
Mary Robson
Secretary.

Olive March
Treasurer.





CLASS OF 1914



Index of the Cross-Section of a Junior Brain.

Showing the people and objects most
clearly depicted thereon.

A—Psychology

That orange! ..
The stove which burneth
all which it toucheth.
That Concept "table"
which containeth
those that have four
legs and those that
have one, those of iron
and of marble and of
oak (continued until out
of breath)
And then, f'r instance
girls—a *bird!*

B—Logic

The boy, who never reached
the corner.
The Yale student, who
couldn't count feet
The giraffe, who "ain't no
such animile"
That young doctor, who
was "the very dickens
on fits."

C—French

The French play with
Miss Louise Seymour,
Miss Kate Finigan,
Miss Letitia Murphy &
Miss Agnes Gordon, as
Panyeen; while the

Misses Gordon, Finigan,
Murphy, Lee, Feig and
Spaulding play Polyenete
—estuze me—Panyenete!

D—Economics

Entrepreneur, girls
"Two ways to check,
girls—I'll tell you two
ways. —"
Mr. Adam Smith's
Bills of Exchange.

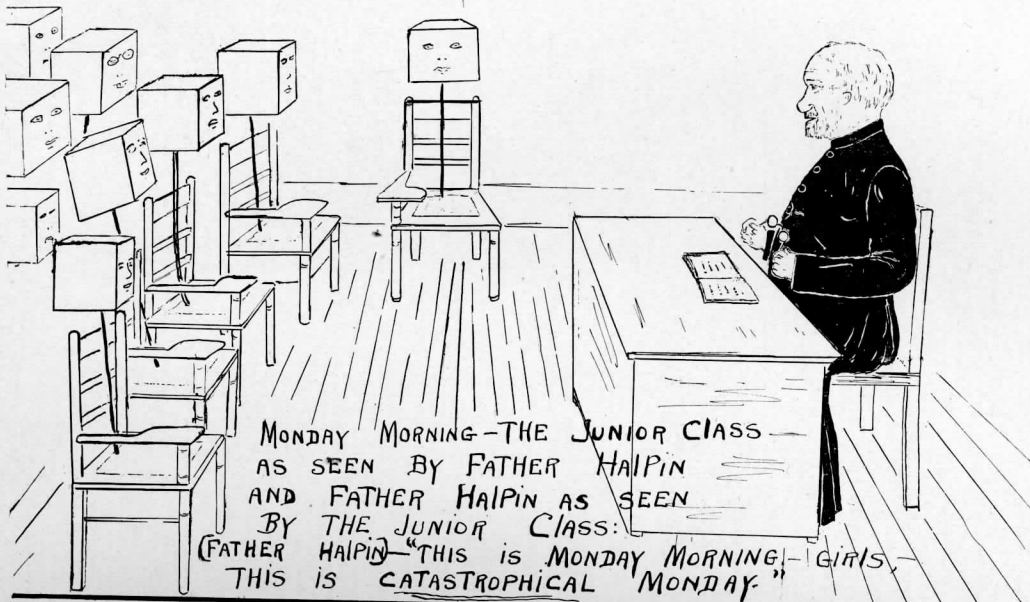
E—English

That structural, technical
iron-girdered skyscraper
on which the tapestries
refuse to stay "put."
Those symmetrical, over-
lapping, subtle rectangles,
which mean Romance
and Idealism—"and the
kid dropped to the floor,
bursting its little skull
like an egg-shell."

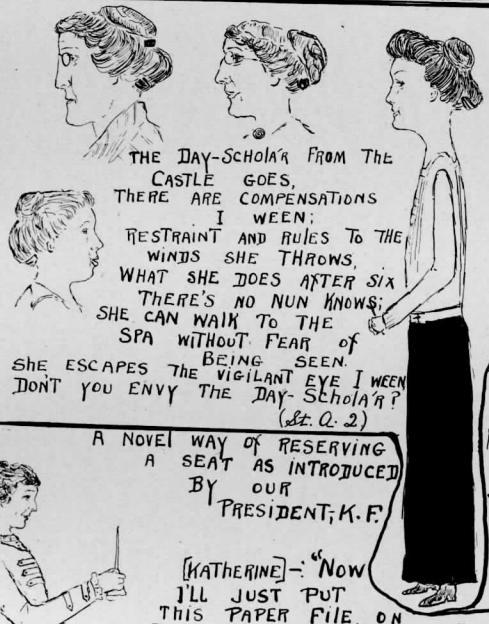
F—And then, in Physics,

That neat little "second,
per second" affair.
Messrs. Doppler and
Archimedes, young
Helmholtz and
Sir Isaac.
Also $\Theta \Delta M \Pi$





MONDAY MORNING—THE JUNIOR CLASS—
 AS SEEN BY FATHER HALPIN
 AND FATHER HALPIN AS SEEN
 BY THE JUNIOR CLASS:
 (FATHER HALPIN—"THIS IS MONDAY MORNING!—GIRLS,
 THIS IS CATASTROPHICAL MONDAY.")



THE DAY-SCHOLAR FROM THE
 CASTLE GOES,
 THERE ARE COMPENSATIONS
 I WEEN;
 RESTRAINT AND RULES TO THE
 WINDS SHE THROWS,
 WHAT SHE DOES AFTER SIX
 THERE'S NO NUN KNOWS;
 SHE CAN WALK TO THE
 SPA WITHOUT FEAR OF
 BEING SEEN.
 SHE ESCAPES THE VIGILANT EYE I WEEN
 DON'T YOU ENVY THE DAY-SCHOLAR?
 (St. Q. 2)

A NOVEL WAY OF RESERVING
 A SEAT AS INTRODUCED
 BY OUR
 PRESIDENT, K. F.

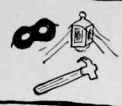


[KATHERINE]—"NOW
 I'LL JUST PUT
 THIS PAPER FILE ON
 IT SO NO ONE WILL TAKE IT UNTIL I COME
 BACK."



"SUSPENDED"—THE
 BULLETIN READ
 OH YES
 "SUSPENDED" THE
 FACULTY SAID
 OFF THIS CAMPUS
 WE CAN NOT PASS,—
 FOR WE ARE POOR
 SUSPENDED MEMBERS
 OF THE JUNIOR CLASS.

THE GIRL WITH
 THE T. ROOSEVELTIAN
 SMILE — BUT THE
 NAPOLEONIC POSE
 GUESS?



8:55 — WAITING FOR THE MAIL.
 CHORUS—"HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?"

L. SEYMOUR '14



Officers

Katherine Finigan
President.

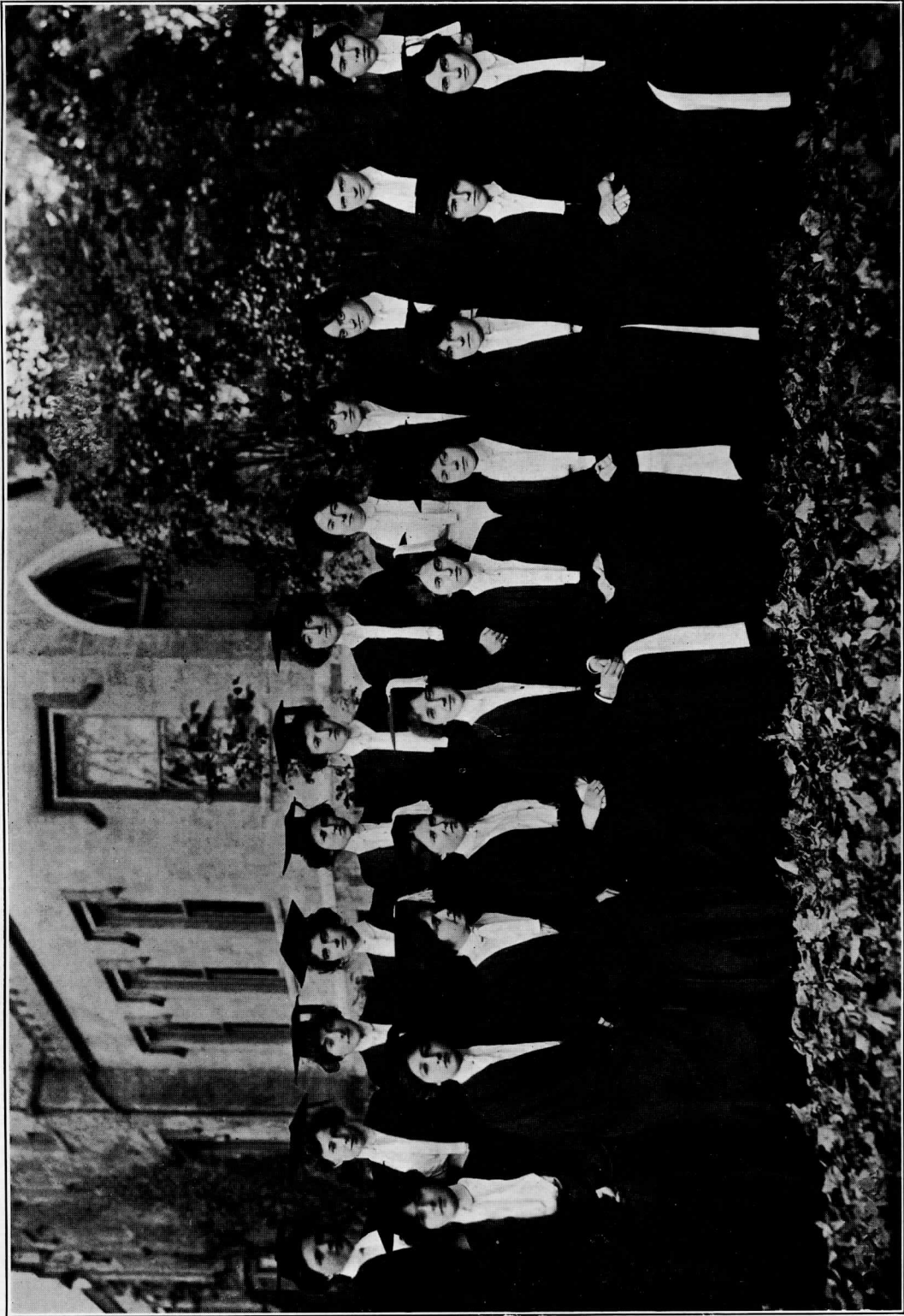
Rose Feig
Vice-President.

Julia O'Brien
Secretary.

Rita Quinlan
Treasurer.



The Senior Class



CLASS OF 1913

Officers

1909-10

Ethel Jettinghoff,
President.

Beatrice Warren,
Vice-President.

Madeline Madigan,
Secretary.

Irene Parris,
Treasurer.

1910-11

May Kenney,
President.

Mary Keating,
Vice-President.

Anna Donlin,
Secretary.

Anna Cody,
Treasurer.

1911-12

Edith Leeming,
President.

Mary Hannon,
Vice-President.

Mary O'Reilly,
Secretary.

Anna Duffy,
Treasurer.

1912-13

Ethel Jettinghoff,
President.

Edith Leeming,
Vice-President.

Mary O'Reilly,
Secretary.

Anna Duffy,
Treasurer.

Freshman Year

Alas! for all the pleasant ways
We traversed in our Freshman days!
So green were we, so free from guile
And so confiding all the while—
You cannot blame the Soph'mores really
For—ah, our freshness cost us dearly—
They hazed us well—but not unkindly
If aught, too well—and we resign'dly
Accepted meekly green regalia
And deemed all lack of spirit failure!
What time it took to settle courses.
We absolutely worked like horses!
Our French surprised poor, dear Miss Gill;
Our German—that's surprising still,
And what with Latin, Math. and Gym,
Miss Bush's aid on subjects dim,
And well-timed lectures on hygiene
We soon, ah me! were not *so* green!
Not too green, soon, at any rate
At Basket-Ball to meet sad fate,
Not yet—with gestures quite ecstatic
To venture into fields dramatic.
Who can forget—when in full numbers
We stirred the upper classmen's slumbers
At Four A. M. with lusty shouting
Because we'd had a freshman outing?
Dear me! What energy possessed us then!
We'd even time to wield the pen
And with what cheerful hearts and strong
We sang our winning banner song!
But of all victories the most sweet
Was when we won that first Spring meet—
So soon it all passed—ah what ways
We wandered in our Freshman days!



"They hazed us well—but
not unkindly."

One who disturbed our
"content sweet content."



Our ill-fated Freshman Team.



Sophomore Year

Early in September

Back we came to College

Came so grave and dignified

Just to awe those Freshie's pride

Back we came to College.

Do you all remember?

And that sturdy Freshman class

What an endless, countless mass

How we missed our own lost friends

Early in September!

Mistress May, our leader

Spurred our flagging spirits.

Basket ball did hopeless seem,

We had lost quite half our team,

Cause for flagging spirits!

May just made us heed her,

So we practised all the same

And we really won the game.

Great were the rejoicings then

Of Mistress May, our leader!

Sophomore Year was fleeting,

Ending all too soon!

All our cares were light and small

Worry—we ne'er knew at all!

And the play in June

Gaily we made greeting

When our sister class appeared

Long and loud we stoutly cheered.

Ah! we all regret alas

That Sophomore Year was fleeting!



"When our sister class
appeared
Long and loud we
stoutly cheered."



"All our cares were light and small"—
except our reference readings.

Junior Year

When we were Juniors, smooth was our career
We hardly had a trouble all the year!
We hurried back quite early and "en masse"
To welcome in our little sister class.
So large a class to us seemed quite a crowd
No wonder we were just a little proud
Of our new class; and really, truth to say,
We have grown prouder of them every day.
I said our course was smooth—we had our
troubles.
In chemistry—but they were only bubbles!
For class—we almost always came on time
And paid our dues—each member, every dime.
In special Latin, and in English too
We still were represented by a few
Who used to shine; and here we ought
To mention Mary's memorable report
Upon the novel which caused some discussion
About the modern writers—French and Russian!
We had no Year Book then to cause us worry
And so we never used to rush or hurry—
We spent much time on "souls" without a doubt
But that was just to help our neighbors out.
If age, perchance, had made us less athletic
It also saw us tend toward things aesthetic,
Besides, reflected glories oft did pass
To us from our triumphant sister class
The history of the brightest days is short.
And so, our chiefest pleasures seem as nought
The year sped on so fast we only learned
That we were Seniors by our tassels turned!



"I said our course was smooth—we had our troubles—in chemistry, but they were only bubbles."



Senior Year

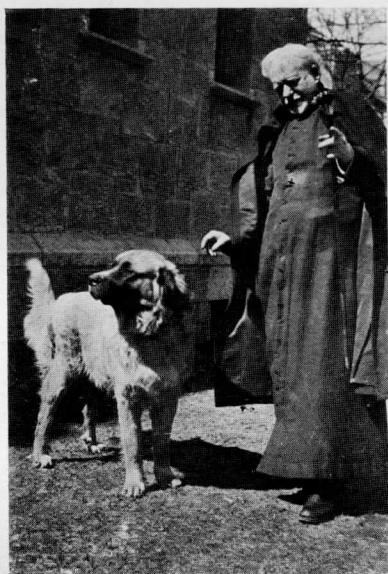
Ages ago in our Freshman year—
Ages ago and a day—
We longed to be Seniors, grave and severe
Wonderful longings were they!
And longings that couldn't come true, I fear
In a possible, wonderful way!

For the path of a Senior is narrow and straight
Now we are here, we know—
There are graver troubles than coming late
Back from a Broadway show,
And a Senior must always appear sedate
Wherever she chances to go.

Methods to haunt her every week,
Essays to write galore.
Year Book snap-shots and ads. to seek.
"Private" on every door,
All sorts of studies, not to speak
Of dozens of worries more!

Tactful, talented, just and wise
From "cuts" and "conditions" free—
Half of our heavy burden lies
In knowing we ought to be.
And the cause of our num'rous touching sighs
Is—just that we're not, you see!

Little we guessed, in those days gone by
When we longed to be staid, in vain,
That just as our College years would fly
The goal of our hopes would wane!
And now as Seniors I think we sigh
Just to be Freshmen again.



"For the path of a Senior is
narrow and straight."



"And now as Seniors I think we sigh—
just to be Freshmen again."



Eleanor J. Brady

Eleanor Brady



“AND what should I do in Illyria, otherwise New Rochelle?” was the question she set out to answer in Freshman year. Mrs. Davis supplied the information. “Dramatics,” said she, and very dramatic dramatics they proved. Perhaps it is the dramatic element in Eleanor that makes difficulties vanish like mist before her. Somehow nothing ever stands in her way when she wants a thing badly enough. Nell is optimistic, annoyingly so at times—and also, Nell is charitable, but *not* annoyingly so.

One of Nell’s several careers was musical, but it began and ended with a fifteen-dollar guitar which she promptly exchanged for a broken one—because it was all the same to her. But you can appreciate music without being able to play, can’t you? And, speaking of playing, you ought to see Nell play basket-ball!

Gertrude Callan

Gertrude Callan



THE Freshmen have pronounced her the most dignified Senior, a statement which she resents strongly. However, resentment hasn't changed her, though any upper classman may call her "Miss Coppens" with impunity.

Gert is on the Advisory Board, and some people say it has hardened her. She is pretty merciless when it comes to noisy disturbances or "culturines." But she still has her softer moments, when she is apt to indulge in anything, from singing "Down on the Levee" with an appropriate *pas seul* to discussing last season's hats. Gert dances very well. Lots of people who would like to know her well enough to tell her so have been frightened off by her sarcastic little smile. When I see it I'm never quite sure that I haven't provoked it. Are you?



Anna G. Cody

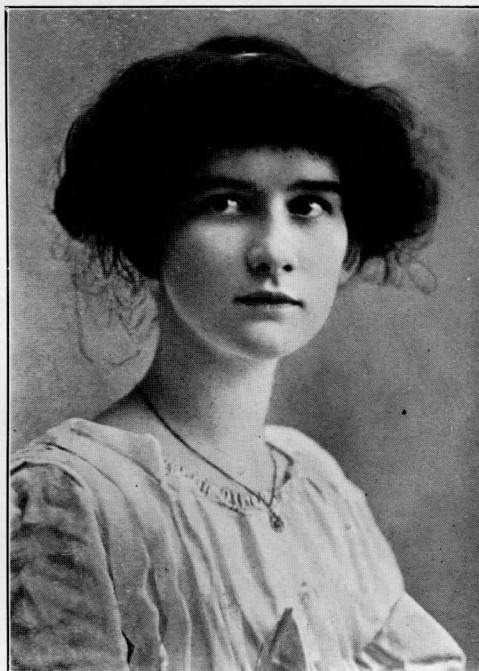
Anna G. Cody



ANNA insists upon the G. for Gunning because it distinguishes her from a certain other Miss Cody, less well known to fame, at least as far as we are concerned. We wonder if the other Anna is as blonde and dainty, yet businesslike, as our Anna. In Freshman year she gave vogue to the term "naive," but, now that she has attained years of discretion, they just say she's very outspoken. She's especially outspoken in regard to her native Port Jervis and its inhabitants. They have served as food for our delectation in everything, from English themes "based on situation" to Sociology reports. But writing ranks second on Anna's list of accomplishments. Her real forte is Dramatics. In fact, someone once said—but we were told not to tell that! One thing about Anna has always rather puzzled us. Has Anna a passion for new girls, or have new girls a passion for Anna?—for, since her coming and our coming were simultaneous, we have never been able to find out.

Edena I. Curry

Edena I. Curry.



WHEN she first came they kept a-pickin' on her to account for the extra "e" in Edena. No one ever found out. You never do find out anything that Edena isn't keen about having you know. Probably that is why so many people confide in her. She is a boon to the Mandolin Club, for she's one of the three girls in college who play the mandolin because they like it. Edena has won the love of a complete series of roommates, which is a thing to be proud of. For all that she is such a frail little body with such guileless blue eyes, there is not much that escapes her notice. Yet ca'm yourselves! Edena never tells.



May M. Dennehy

May M. Dennehy



ATHLETICS have been her strong point throughout her college career. When we were Freshmen she led us to victory at baseball and when we were Sophomores she gladdened our hearts by two basket-ball triumphs. And yet she has always been the blackest of pessimists! But when you add the determination and taciturnity which mark our "Silent Captain," the result seems to be a pretty successful combination. Wie denken Sie?

Anna C. Donlin

Anna C. Donlin



IT was at the end of Freshman year that Anna went abroad. She came back late in the Autumn and different, quite different. Before, she was an innocent little schoolgirl, with her hair in a curl down her back, a tendency to lonesomeness, and a confiding, clinging way. Since the fateful trip, however, she has become a self-possessed, up-to-date society Anna, with a knowledge of European customs that leaves the rest of us limp—and a bit *gauche*. Perhaps it's responsible, too, for her faculty for philosophic discussion that eclipses even Miss Coppen's ability. *Haec fabula docet*—



Anna Duffy

Anna Duffy



THE life of a day-scholar is hard—but it has its advantages. If you doubt the advantages behold the proof of their existence. No amount of early rising or commuting can dull Anna's faculty for "sensing" news of any description. She knows not only every little scrap of college gossip, but also all the thrilling happenings of the great outside world of which we are always blissfully ignorant. Remember the story of the suffragettes which she—but, then, there are daily examples! For her entire Senior year, Anna has gone around with a fat, bulging black bag, and a placid, yet determined expression. "Treasurer of the Athletic Association?" you inquire. No! No! Anna is Business Manager of the Year Book.

Florence M. Foley

Florence M Foley.



SHE joined us in Senior year, and the first fact we learned about her was, "She comes from a Senator's family." We do not presume to say we know her—in one short year—but there are things about her that we shall never forget. One of these is her hair, so golden and so abundant. Another is her never-failing good-nature, and still another is her height. Before her coming, Mary and Beatrice had the field to themselves—but theirs is no longer an undisputed right. Watch the Senior gym class on Tuesday from two to three, if you have any doubts on the subject!



Mary F. Hannon

Mary F. Hannon



SHE did not talk much—even in French class, where Mère St. Louis devoted half a term one year to developing her conversational ability. But the good Mère finally gave it up, because when Mary talks so little in English, it isn't likely that she's going to chatter in French.

She has a wonderful record after her name on the Registrar's famous book. It is rumored that there is nothing below 90 on the list. "And with shame I repeat it," she is the only Senior day-scholar who kept the retreat. But there is a blemish on this otherwise spotless character. Anna Duffy says it's a vocal impossibility for Mary to whisper!

Olive M. Harvey

Olive M. Harvey



“WRITE me down, then, as one who is discreet.” No one has ever heard Olive commit herself, yet nothing escapes her notice. Quiet, impassive, her big, black eyes see everything. Oh, for a condensed, unexpurgated edition of her impressions at college. But one might as well long for the moon. And if perchance some male sceptic asks, “What! Is the lady dumb?” let it be known that her voice, silvery and sweet, is the salvation of the front pews in morning assembly.



Helen I. Howley

Helen I. Howley



SHE is an ever present help in trouble and a never failing antidote for the blues. You fly to her with your woes, sure of her consolation. Helen happens to be one of those rare, rare people whose advice is always the thing you want to do. That is why you must ask to see Helen at least three days ahead of time, if you want ten minutes of her time, so that you can open your heart to her. But Helen has not confined herself to this one great work. In fact, in the line of *work* there is nothing she has not undertaken. Her most signal achievement, however, was her management of the Sodality Bazaar. She rose to diplomatic heights that were appalling. They *do* say that only her "position" saved her from bodily injury as she stood by the Rose-tree. We are glad she *was* saved. We'd miss Helen's helping hand and what one Senior calls her "good round laugh." And, by the way, it's better to laugh with her for one's own sake, for Helen will laugh anyhow.

Ethel M. Jettinghoff

Ethel M Jettinghoff



WHEN the Freshmen toasted her on St. Patrick's Day, they called her "Our Ethel," not so much because she is College President, as because she is a universal favorite. Ethel is alarmingly versatile. She plays the mandolin, always takes the part of the prettiest younger sister in the plays, manages the Quarterly Store, draws for the Year Book, and in Athletics she was at once our "star" guard at basketball, runner, jumper and tennis champion. And yet Ethel has the art of never seeming busy. You may go to her at any time and you will always find her ready to see your side of the story. If you've ever been campused, you know. But of course you've never been campused!



Mary J. Keating

Mary J. Keating



HAVING the double advantage of a four years' course in the Seminary and a sister who graduated in "the first class," Mary was a guide to our faltering steps in Freshman Year. We probably imposed on her, too, for she is wonderfully tender-hearted and sympathetic. Mary's glaring fault is her modesty. Prominence is the only thing that upsets her disposition. No one knows the tortures she went through when she was Sophomore Sergeant. But, though she won't believe it herself, there are few things she cannot do well when she wants to—from writing an essay to taking a part in the play at two days' notice.

May Kenney

May S Kenney



THEY call her a motherly girl — and she likes it. Absolutely practical, business-like and capable, she keeps a maternal vigilance over all her immediate neighbors, especially Gert. The innocent stranger is apt to be deceived by her bland smile, but May has a ready eye for his little indiscretions. A quaint, twisty humor and a drawl characterize Fraulein Kenney. Her weaknesses are her housewifely attainments, the way she played the mandolin, and a literary style a certain English teacher “once thought quite delicate.” Gert is her only rival as a Latin student. Versatility, *n’est ce pas, mes enfants?*



Marie C. Langdon

Marie C. Langdon



SOME one in an unguarded moment once told her that she had a “baby stare,” and she has cultivated and traded on that particular expression ever since. Her success has been such as to lead the cynical among us to associate “baby stares” with subtlety and pasts—but, then, Marie cannot help being “a thing of fire and ice”! There are two things which she does ridiculously badly—sew on a button and quarrel with friend or enemy; and there are two things which she cannot do at all—one is cooking and the other is mathematics. But as there is justice in all, there are two things still which she does supremely well—write a letter and play the violin. Chiefly, she can play the violin, and so well as to make all her bad qualities seem as nothing beside this one gift, and every one else’s good qualities seem small in comparison.

Edith Leeming

Edith Leeming.



SHE is blond, pink and white, beautifully English in appearance. Also she has one of the prettiest mouths in College, and a habit of looking stylish in a tailored waist. It takes a good while to realize that Ease does everything with an ulterior motive. Some poor wretches have never had their eyes opened. She is capable of stirring up more trouble than any other seven girls on the campus. Yet everyone loves her ("Some more and some less"). Even her room-mate likes her. It may be because of her blush and her guileless blue eyes (both absolutely under her control); or again it may be because of her perfect manner when on parade, or her ability to write a poem with her right hand, an essay with her left, while doing justice to a dramatic lyric and planning her afternoon's campaign. But most probably it is because Ease is at all times wholly adorable.



Monahan Grace

Grace J. Monahan

Grace J. Monahan

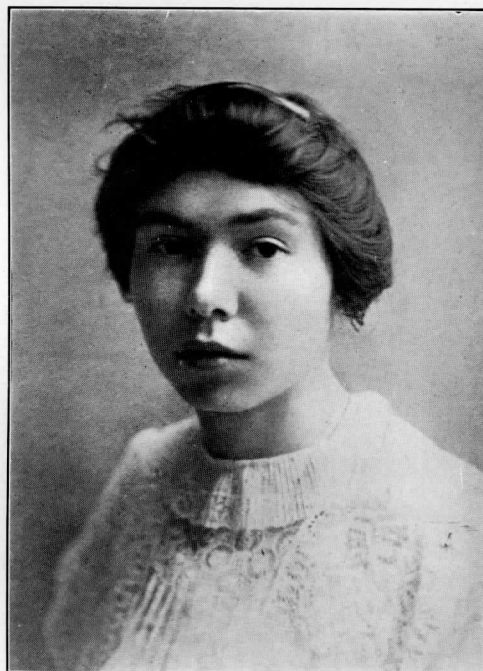


SHE is the genuine and only originator of "The melancholy little hat," "The Verdant Evangeline" and "We've got all kinds here." But she is the only one of her kind, here or elsewhere. Grace can always be depended upon to say and do the unexpected. In twenty minutes she can go through the whole gamut of emotions, from a state of unbelievable hilarity to being "wilted." (She *has* done it in ten.) She is a star in Math., but a fickle trifter on the mandolin. The Freshmen picked her out as one of the five neatest girls in college—and a Freshman opinion is not to be spurned. Grace *is* neat—but there are more reasons than one for that, not counting her natural tendency towards order. She has developed one decided weakness in Senior year—and that has to do with calendars. Have you paid for yours?

M. A. O'Reilly

Mary A. O'Reilly

Mary A. O'Reilly.



ON questions of the Church versus the State, Mary always represents the Church. This is partly because she is President of the Sodality, but not entirely. Somehow we feel that Mary would lean Church-wards in any case. Now, pray don't believe that she is—prim. Mary has a most winning little chuckle, and a queer, bubbly sense of humor. Her reputation is such that even the blasé back row straightens with interest when a teacher calls on Miss O'Reilly. In Junior year it used to be a red-letter day for the girls in the Novel Course when Mary had a report. Her other gifts have not flourished as they might this year, either. When she lived in "153" Mary was the mother of the family, but since she has moved to "15," where they have no kitchen system, she has become just a plain student. So is talent thrown away in this world of ours, alas!



Irene Parris

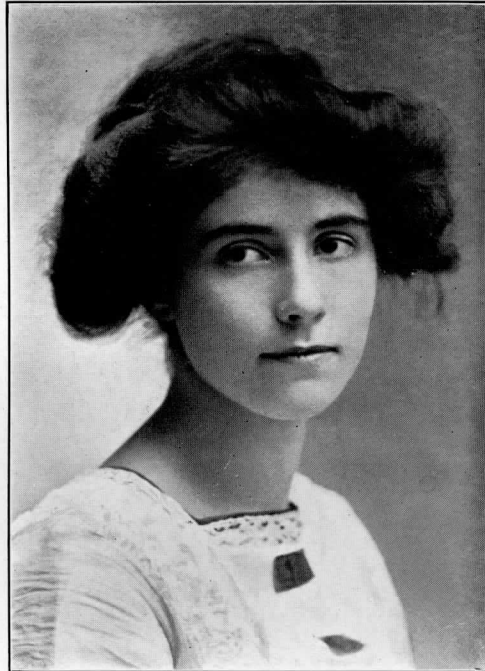
In Irene Parris



THEY called her precise when she first came—precise seemed to fit her exactly then—but she doesn't bother to make-believe now. On occasion, however, she still becomes very demure, carefully concealing all of her lovable, joyous, carefree impudence. Irene has peculiar and original ideas on friendship which she rarely gives out—except in Sociology. A fascinating habit of taking notes carelessly in shorthand and a facility for dashing through exams with some 95 or 98 per cent. are points which make her the envy of the rest of us mere plodding, every-day mortals. She has such an attraction for the mail that if there were only one letter in the morning delivery the chances would be one hundred to nothing that it was for Irene—and the one hundred would be right!

May Russell

May Russell



SHE is famous for her size, her repartee and her perennial good-humor. She is the reason why a Year Book meeting with the Art Department is a sure cure for despondency and makes us all return to our labors with lightened hearts. Whenever we have a Bazaar May raffles off a cake with such tempting descriptions of its toothsome-ness that we are reduced to tears when we don't win it. If there is any little out-of-the-ordinary scrap of general information that you wish to acquire, ask May—especially if it has anything to do with the Yonkers Trolley Line.



Frances V. Spaulding

Frances V. Spaulding.



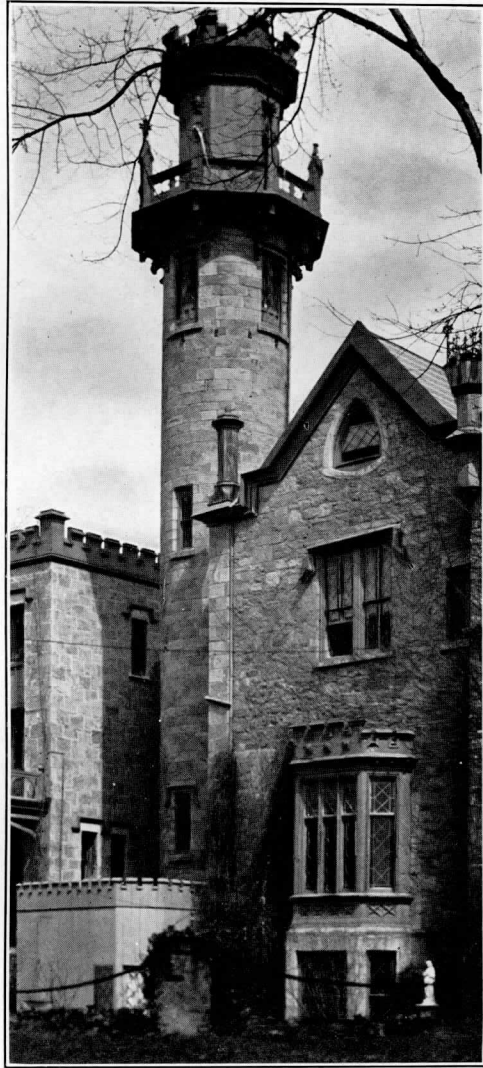
OUR Fanny has the heaven-sent faculty of keeping the individual parts of her dual personality quite, quite separate. "Never let thy Venus Fanny know what thy Minerva Fanny doeth" is her motto. Consequently, no matter what Venus Fanny's escapade the night before, Minerva Fanny takes the first train back to New Rochelle in the morning and arrives on time, every auburn hair in place, cool, immaculate, and with all her work done. One of Fanny's many interests is the choir, and it has been whispered that she would stay up all Monday night to be there on-time for Tuesday's Mass. This may not be true, of course, but she's never missed it yet!

Beatrice Warren

Beatrice Warren



TRY to imagine a conglomeration of length, orthopædic shoes, shameless effrontery, inexhaustible mother wit and a suave manner, and you have our Year Book Editor. She has a penchant for everything under the sun, from Holbein to domestic science. Deeply affectionate, she lavishes much of her warm, passionate nature on Ease. Such a character is bound to attract a coterie. And she has it! Oh, yes! "38" revolves around her. But she's not proud of it, mind you. No, indeed! Would that the same humility and lack of self-consciousness extended to her dramatic abilities. Sh! not a word—but we had to struggle to keep pictures of her successful rôles out of this book!



Alumnæ



Officers

Miss M. A. McDonnell, '08
President

Miss C. Hannon, '08
Vice-President

Miss Elizabeth Burr, '11
Recording Secretary

Sister M. Cephas, '08
Corresponding Secretary

Miss Agnes Keating, '08
Treasurer



From an Alumna's Film

Founder's Day

October 19th, 1912

At the Castle



"Pride of all who enter 'neath its portals gray and tall"

Alumnæ Dance

January 14th, 1913

At Delmonico's, New York

Committee

Miss Rose McLoughlin, '10

Chairman

Miss Agnes Allar, '09

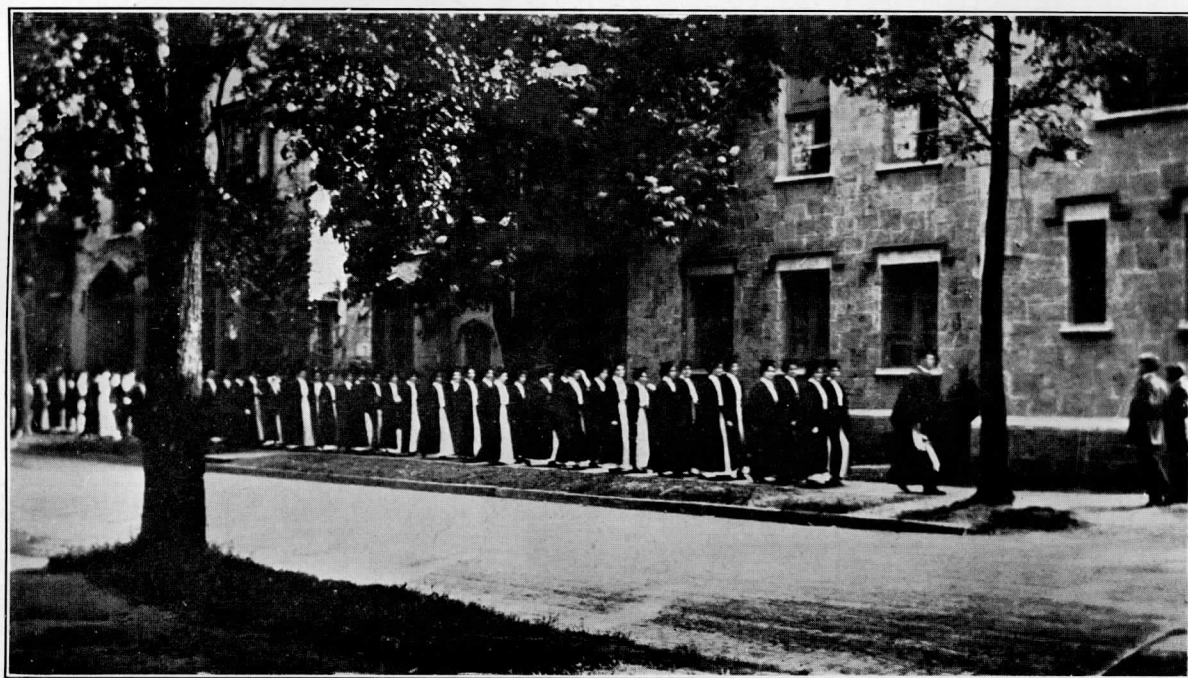
Mrs. Wm. J. Bermingham, '08

Miss Mary McDonnell, '08

Miss Elizabeth Burr, '11

Miss Agnes Keating, '08

Miss Marie Leahy, '12



Commencement Week

Sunday, May 25th, 1913

Baccalaureate Sermon, delivered by Rev. P. A. Halpin, Ph. D.

Monday, May 26th, 1913

Sodality Day. High Mass. Conferring of Gold Crosses. Sodality Ball.

Tuesday, May 27th, 1913

Commencement Day. Conferring of Degrees by His Eminence, John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York. Alumnæ Banquet.

Wednesday, May 28th, 1913

Banner Day. Inter. Class Song Contest. Campus Play.

Thursday, May 29th, 1913

Reception Day. Senior Breakfast. Senior Reception.

Friday, May 30th, 1913

Class Day Exercises. Glee Club Concert.

Saturday, May 31st, 1913

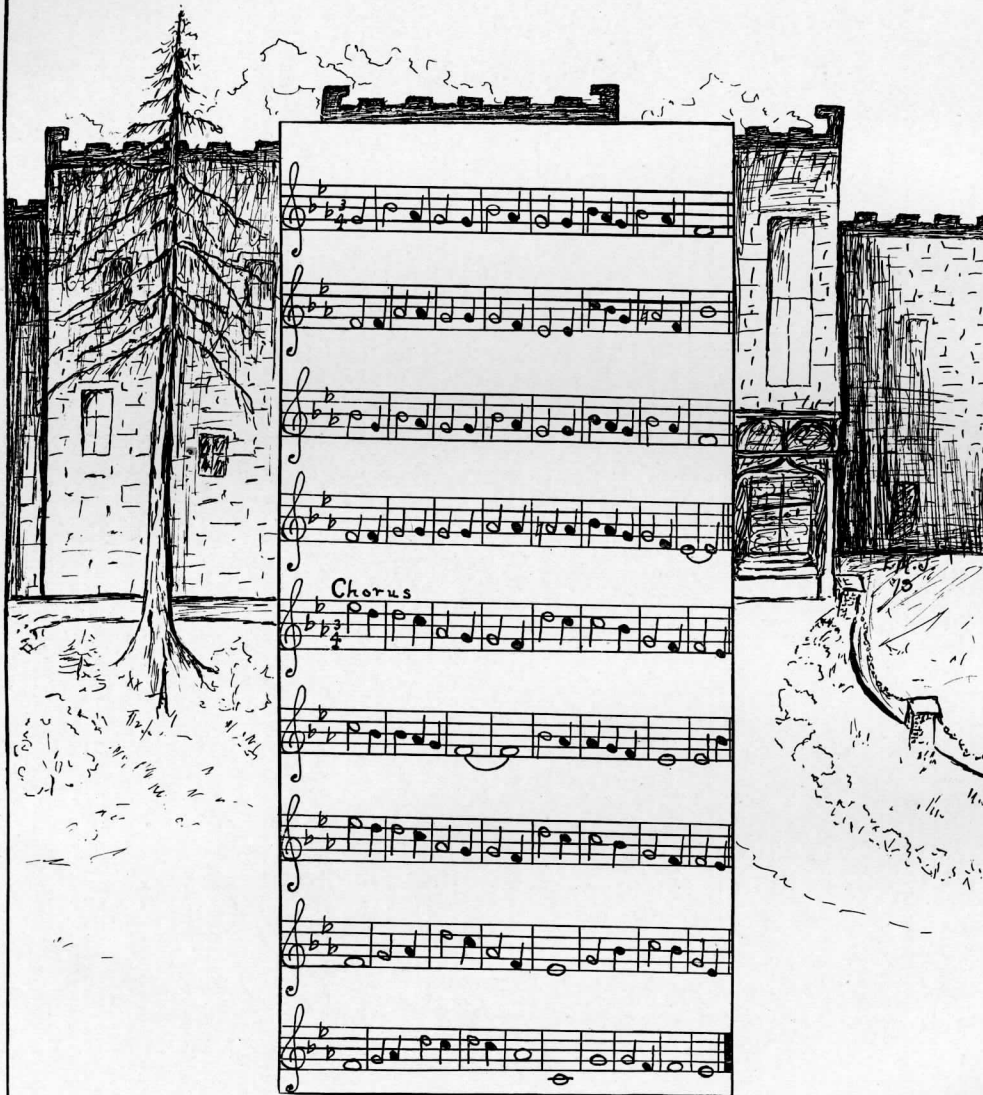
Field Day.

COLLEGE BANNER SONGS

WON BY THE

CLASS OF 1913

ALMA MATER



CHORUS.

I.

We swell the ranks to give her
thanks,
College we love so well!
Her name we sing, the echoes ring,
College of New Rochelle.

Alma Mater, Alma Mater, Alma
Mater, Alma Mater,
We'll be ever true, College dear, to
you!
Alma Mater, Alma Mater, Alma
Mater, Alma Mater,
Wave high the blue and white
That stand for truth and right!
Thy grateful children sing Thy
praise, dear
Alma Mater!

FONDLY ARE OUR GLAD HEARTS TURNING

TUNE: "Men of Harlech"

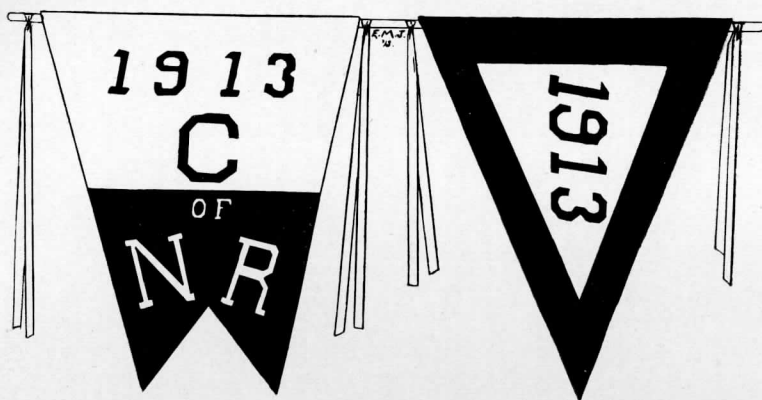


Fondly are our glad hearts turning
To thy dear, gray towers of learning.
Where the lamp of truth is burning
Steady, clear and strong!

Through the years so swiftly flying
Thy clear voice shall hush our
sighing.
Thou shalt find us ever trying.
Steady, true and strong!

CHORUS.

Let our grateful singing
Wake the echoes ringing
Love and praise through endless
days
To Alma Mater bringing!
And may white and blue forever
Spur us on to brave endeavor.
Naught shall loyal hearts e'er sever
New Rochelle from thee!



General Index Page 109
Advertisers' Classified Index . Page 106

NEW ROCHELLE COLLEGE CAMPUS DIRECTORY

Section I— Cottages of 9, 23 and 15
Section II— Cottages of 34, 38 and 39
Section III— Cottage (Suburban) of 72
38 West and 58



Possible Freshmen, Reminiscent Alumni and
Absent-minded Collegians should read
in connection with this

"Ye Campus Worthies"

— By a Senior. Page 133

NEW ROCHELLE COLLEGE
CAMPUS INVESTIGATING
AND
TABULATING COMPANY

Do not leave this section until
you have read every "ad"!!!

Why
Be Delicate?
which you will be

If

You ignore the sweet companionship of friends
And avoid the *Weekly Cottage*

Tea Rooms

Clever heads have planned *your*
menu days ahead!

Willing hands have been preparing
for you all morning

A sympathetic ear is ready to
listen to your order

Recline there in anyone's wicker chair; eat off "Campopolitan" china,
and listen to the latest class-room gossip.

All the delicacies known in the past or introduced
in the present to Alma Mater are at your disposal

Fudge sundae's

Olive and Nut Sandwiches

1913 Special

Pimento and anything (of the moment)
languish before you

Come and *Eat*
Stay and Eat
Go away a
Revived member of
New Rochelle College

Keep In Touch With Your Family

The Telephone booth is just beside the clock

At any time you may hear this dialogue:

Student. "I want to telephone home please."

Keeper of key. "Where do you live?"

Student. (Humbly.) "Brooklyn."

Keeper of key. "Thirty-five cents!"

Student. "Oh! And I've only twenty!"

(Brilliant smile.) "I'll owe you fifteen."

Keeper of key. (Inexorably.) "Thirty-five cents—I don't charge."

Student. "Oh! Everyone trusts me. If Rev. Mother passed now she would let me telephone."

Keeper of key. (Coldly.) "Others say the same."

Student. (Hopelessly.) "Well! I suppose I'll have to go over in the mud."

Ten minutes later. "Here's your old thirty-five cents."

Keeper of key. "Don't talk over five minutes."

Many home-loving students avail themselves of this precious privilege of talking to their parents, even while they are far removed from their sheltering care.

If Others, Why Not You?

Be Progressive!

Save Your Stamps!

Do you read the Pot-Pourri of The St. Angela Quarterly If you do not

Sacrifice!!!

Ten sundaes or
Four Cabs or
Two Taxis and

YOU can read four times a year the daintiest, juiciest gossip of the College of New Rochelle. You will find yourself speaking a language of subtlety and mystery that will be almost as unintelligible to your friends as it is to you. Then the chance you get. Did you ever stop to consider that? Hover around a Quarterly editor and recite triolets or give free expression to your thoughts, and I warrant you that in the very next issue of The St. Angela Quarterly YOU will peep out at yourself from the

Pot-Pourri!!!

Think of your annoyance if you had not subscribed to that particular number.

**Sit down to-day and get into communication with the
Business Manager.**

Special Notices

Lost

Innumerable Prayers by E. M. L., at Morning Assembly.

Wanted

An Alto who feels harmony.

Wanted

A sympathetic experienced upper classman to welcome Freshmen.

To Let

Large airy room with alcove, overlooking a handsome porch; beautiful piano-window and two heaters. Door leading into adjoining room. Occupants leaving because of incompatibility.

An Experienced

Senior is willing to take down your lecture in shorthand.

For Sale

A little old English bathing suit which may be used for a gymnasium suit. *In perfect condition.* Owner parting with it because of increasing avoirdupois.

Wanted

A sophisticated upper classman to awaken a receptive Freshman.
Signed, "Untouched."

For the Asking

A scarred, battle-worn, incense-burnt skull, and a bundle of joss sticks. Probably still effective.



Try Loyalty Lodge this year. This well-known old house has been thoroughly renovated and newly decorated throughout. In the heart of the Campus, yet with a seclusion that has long made it sought by those who enjoy an occasional rest. Caters to refined and cultured people. Well-known for personal attention to the guest. Beautiful Irish garden. Under the old management. Apply to M. Loyola, Prop.

| | | | |
|--|-----|-------------|------|
| Coyne, Loretta—Tea Room Propagator..... | 2nd | Floor Front | 1915 |
| Cuddihy, Helena—Silks and Satins..... | " | " Back | 1916 |
| Curran, Mary T.—Expert Dancer..... | " | " Side | 1914 |
| Curry, Edena—Anti-Friction Co..... | " | " " | 1913 |
| Hafey, Rosa—Sister to Nora..... | 1st | " Back | 1916 |
| Jones, Mary—Southern Sugar Co..... | " | " " | 1916 |
| Loughlin, Anna—Unlimited Natural Hair..... | " | " Front | 1916 |
| *Kelly, Cornelia—Nat. Music Supply..... | 3rd | " " | 1916 |
| *Monahan, Grace—Leather Goods Mfg. Co..... | 2nd | " " | 1913 |
| Petty, Francis—Niece..... | " | " Back | 1916 |
| Stack, Alicerose—Comp'tnt Housekeeper..... | " | " Front | 1915 |
| *Wiltz, Stella—General Classroom Mgr..... | 3rd | " Back | 1914 |
| Van Wyck, Helen—Late Arrival..... | 1st | " Front | 1916 |



Comfortable, "homey" house. The kind you have been looking for for three years. Exceedingly popular with travellers. Religious atmosphere; though sports of a nice sort are encouraged and provided for. Large, roomy porch, suitable for informal dances. Excellent cuisine. Famous Scranton cooking. Meals and luncheons served at all hours. Apply to M. de Sales, Prop.

| | | |
|---|-------------|------|
| *Brady, Eleanor—Millinery, Dresses, Suits.....1st | Floor Front | 1913 |
| Bohan, Mary—Prayers.....3rd | " " | 1916 |
| Cody, Anna—Investments.....2nd | " " | 1913 |
| Finigan, Katherine—Cash Buyer....." | " " | 1914 |
| Howley, Helen—Campus Analyst and Hustling Exp.3rd | " " | 1913 |
| Lonergan, Margaret—Democratic Club.....2nd | " Side | 1914 |
| McHugh, Anna—Produce Co.....3rd | " Front | 1915 |
| McMahon, Evelyn—Athletic Authority.....2nd | " Side | 1914 |
| Roche, Vera—Niece to M. de S.....1st | " Front | 1916 |
| Smith, Ann—Mary's Sister....." | " Side | 1916 |
| *Spaulding, Frances—Eastern Correspondent.....2nd | " Back | 1913 |
| Wheeler, Belle—Roommate to Vera.....1st | " Front | 1916 |



St. Angela's Hall is superbly situated on a high elevation, 6 feet above street level. Beautiful view of adjacent valley, and 23 in the distance may be seen on a clear day. In the heart of the business district; Quarterly Store within three minutes walk; "Peanut John" directly opposite. All modern improvements, sleeping porch and a good laundry. Splendid old piano. Apply to M. de Assissi, prop.

| | | | |
|--|-----|---------|------|
| Collins, Marguerite—Cons'tl. Mgr. Meets..... | 2nd | Floor | 1914 |
| §Collins, Natalie—Capt..... | " | " | 1916 |
| Harvey, Olive—French Dictionary..... | 1st | " Front | 1913 |
| Hurley, Mildred—Basket-Ball..... | 2nd | " Side | 1916 |
| Gianella, Amalia—Anti-Athletics..... | 3rd | " Front | 1916 |
| King, Ellen—Parliamentary Law Quoter..... | " | " " | 1916 |
| McCann, Agnes—Ardent Sophomore..... | " | " " | 1915 |
| Murphy, Frances—Res..... | " | " " | 1916 |
| Mahoney, Alice—Organist..... | 2nd | " Back | 1914 |
| McNamara, M.—Reflectors..... | | | |
| Quinlan, R.— | " | " " | 1914 |
| O'Reilly, Betty—Spontaneous Combustion..... | " | " " | 1914 |
| O'Reilly, Mary—Postage Stamps..... | " | " " | 1913 |
| Russell, Bess—Exp. Mandolinist..... | " | " " | 1916 |

§Freshman Team.



Refined, up-to-date house. Between pretty 34 and picturesque 39. Some of our most prominent people regular inmates. Unusual social attractions. Sweeping view. Excellent location. 48 seconds run to the dining-room. Guests limited. Subject to the approval of the management. Applicants with recommendations given first choice. Apply to M. Ignatius.

| | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|-------|-------|------|
| Demarest, Winfred—Fruiterer..... | 1st | Floor | Back | 1914 |
| *Hume, Doro—Cousin Rev. Mr..... | 2nd | " | Side | 1915 |
| *Hynes, Ann—Granite Works..... | 3rd | " | Front | 1916 |
| §Leeming, Edith—Printer's Demon..... | 2nd | " | Back | 1913 |
| Murphy, Letitia—Masseuse..... | " | " | Front | 1914 |
| Ryan, Edwinna—Consumer..... | 1st | " | Back | 1915 |
| Swift, Edith—English Monkey..... | 2nd | " | Front | 1915 |
| Waldron, Helen—Towel Supplies..... | " | " | " | 1915 |
| Warren, Beatrice—Art Gallery..... | " | " | Side | 1913 |

§A Corner in Vice-Presidencies



Have you spent a season in 34? Unique of its kind. If you are Bohemian, you will find yourself among friends. Freedom of spirit and thought found nowhere else. Within easy calling distance of 38. Location is perfect. Has the famous "Three Sisters'" Room, pronounced by authorities as having the finest view on the campus. Absolutely unrivalled opportunities for observation. Our motto "Convenience." Apply to M. Regis, Prop.

| | | | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|-------|---------|------|
| Creagh, Kittie—Yarns..... | 1st | Floor | Side | 1916 |
| Donlin, Ann | } Twins, Experienced Travellers.. | 2nd | " Front | 1913 |
| Donlin, Loretta | | " | " " | 1914 |
| Donlin, Rosalie—Sister—Freshman..... | " | " | " | 1916 |
| *Farmer, Eliz.—Sunshine Co..... | 2nd | " | | 1916 |
| *Kilday, Eliz.—Theatrical Equipment Co..... | " | " | | 1916 |
| §McMahon, Ann—Capt..... | 2nd | " | | 1915 |
| *O'Brien, Julia—Gld. Crs. Acct..... | " | " | | 1914 |
| Pyne, Mary—Inexhaustible Literary Producer.... | 1st | " | | 1915 |
| Ransom, Margaret—Fancy Dances..... | 2nd | " | " | 1915 |

§Sophomore Team.



Uninterrupted view of Pintard Avenue. Fine stable nearby. Good bathing. On the board-walk. General tone of quiet elegance. Patronized by the faculty. For further information apply to E. Kelly. M. Celestine, prop.

| | | | |
|---|-----|-------------|------|
| Booth, Marion—Hot Water Exp..... | 2nd | Floor Front | 1916 |
| *Lonergan, Mollie—Consulting Debator..... | “ | “ “ | 1915 |
| Fleming, Marie } Sisters, Approver..... | { | 1st “ Back | 1915 |
| Fleming, Rose } | | | |
| Feig, Rose—Crisp Collars and Shirtwaists..... | 2nd | “ “ | 1914 |
| Kelly, Elizabeth—Detective Agency..... | “ | “ “ | 1914 |
| Rafferty, Sadie—Res..... | “ | “ “ | 1914 |



The Austin House is one of the most fully equipped resorts on the campus. Up-to-date garage. Extensive grounds ($\frac{1}{4}$ acre), with wide sweeping lawns make this place indescribably lovely at all times. Outdoor amusements. Splendid croquet ground. Corps of Polish maids on premises. Well-known member of the bar has been a resident for three years. Apply to M. Fidelis.

| | | | | |
|---|---------|---------------------------|------|------|
| Brady, Adele—Photographer..... | 2nd | Floor | Side | 1916 |
| Callan, Gertrude—Advisory Board Member..... | " | " | Back | 1913 |
| Barrett, Mary—Vaud. and Amusement Co..... | " | " | Side | 1916 |
| Kenney, May—Grad. Nurse..... | 2nd | " | " | 1913 |
| Langdon, Marie—Coterie Club..... | " | " | " | 1913 |
| Langdon, Helen—Diamonds and Jewelry..... | " | " | " | 1916 |
| Seymour, Louise } Seymour, Ruth } | Twins } | Advertisers, Bankers..... | 1st | 1914 |
| | | and Brokers | | |



The Country Club is in a pretty suburban district. Short ride brings you to the campus. The distance is not too great for walking in fine weather. It makes a delightful tramp. The atmosphere is artistic in the general. Country Club is the haunt of writers and musicians. Surroundings romantic. Quantities of household pets. Bring yours! Apply to M. Patricia.

| | | | | |
|--|-----|-------|------|------|
| Ball, Katherine—General Lubricator..... | 1st | Floor | Back | 1915 |
| Barbour, Irene—Neckware..... | 3rd | " | | 1916 |
| Breen, Florence—Time Keeper..... | " | " | | 1916 |
| Coyne, Gertrude—Caterer..... | 1st | " | | 1915 |
| §Hamilton, Anne—Japanese Art Studio..... | 2nd | " | | 1916 |
| §Hamilton, Alida—General Literary Appraiser..... | " | " | " | 1916 |
| Lalley, Mary—Jiu Jitsu..... | 2nd | " | " | 1915 |
| Lee, Elizabeth—General Supplies..... | 1st | " | " | 1914 |
| McManus, Marie—Church Statuary..... | " | " | " | 1915 |
| McDonald, Margaret—Chairman Alumni Com. ... | 2nd | " | " | 1916 |
| McCarthy, Margaret—Inflamer..... | " | " | " | 1916 |
| *March, Olive—Suffragette..... | " | " | " | 1915 |
| Sullivan, Ruth—Poetess..... | " | " | " | 1915 |

§Connected with Herald.

Section III *Designates Private Room **Cottage 38 West Castle (Suburban)**



The White House, just outside the business district of the campus, gives the inmates sufficient retirement, yet has the convenience of easy accessibility. (Only ten minutes walk to the Castle.) Splendid management. Nice class of people, congenial, jolly crowd. Electric light. Convenient switch near door in every room. Special provision made for transient guests. Unusual local attractions. Apply to M. Xaires, prop.

| | | | | |
|---|-----|-------|------|------|
| Cendoya, Maria—Oriental Rug Luxuries..... | 2nd | Floor | Back | 1916 |
| Dougherty, Catherine—App'dic's Consult'g Athrty | 1st | " | " | 1915 |
| §Jettinghoff, Ethel—President..... | 2nd | " | Side | 1913 |
| Kent, Elizabeth—Tea Gowns..... | 1st | " | " | 1915 |
| Lynch, Jeannette—Paris Fashions..... | 2nd | " | " | 1916 |
| Lyman, Ruth—Box Receiver..... | 2nd | " | " | 1916 |
| May, Virginia—Toledo's 2nd Rep..... | 2nd | " | " | 1916 |
| Mulligan, Charlotte—Nat. Voice Producer..... | 3rd | " | " | 1916 |
| O'Brien, Helen—Securities..... | 2nd | " | " | 1916 |
| Parris, Irene—Short Hand Expert..... | 2nd | " | " | 1913 |

§President of Senior Class and of our Student Body.

Our Cuts Command Attention!



Four years our leading
excuse has been : : :

COLLEGE WORK

and it was in this line that
we first earned our popular
title of "The Girls of Ideas"

WE INVENT, CHOOSE, AND POLISH UP EXCUSES FOR
APPRECIATIVE CUSTOMERS ALL OVER COLLEGE

College Cut Company

"The Girls of Ideas"

NEW ROCHELLE

When May Looks Back

THE day I first came to College was not a bright and cheerful one. In the first place, it poured, so my mother insisted that I wear my second-best suit, which made me look a show. That made my spirits as gloomy as the day. I arrived at eleven in the morning, just like a Freshman! Now I know it is bad form to show up anything less than fifteen minutes after seven.

Out of the crowd of girls that seemed to be everywhere and nowhere all at once—only one looked at all friendly to me. That was John!

"Now be sure and choose the best side of the room before your roommate comes," she advised me when she took me over to my room in "39," "and try both beds. First come, first served!—and don't forget to put your soiled linen in a pillow-case and leave it outside the door every Saturday morning!"

My arrival was still recent and I really hadn't anything to put in then, but I remember I cherished this as a valuable piece of advice.

How different the dear old "39-ers" seemed then! I still can see Reney Parris in a stiff high collar and coral-earrings as she tripped down the board walk with all the airs of a Suffragette, and as for Anna Cody—one wouldn't recognize her now. She was plain, round and fat, and wore a hair-ribbon, and when she spoke there was a real "up-State" twang! Then there was Gert Callan. My heart went right out to that girl, for she told me the very first night she loved to study and that she knew where my home town was. Heavens! what troubles I had trying to explain the precise locality of Sharon!

And such social errors as I made! Imagine asking a "Trinity Graduate" if she were a Freshman. But that was nothing to the horrifying breaks I made through my inability to distinguish between the Mother Superior, the Mistress of Discipline and the Mistress of Studies—I have learned since.

Oh, dear, it all seems so very far away now—and there are so many things I have learned.

"You'll need to know an awful lot to get on here," John told me, but I didn't realize then what an enormous amount "an awful lot" could mean—and perhaps I don't yet!

Note Book Pages

Organic sympathy of like or dislike without knowing why who are alike in narrow origin. Page 10.

Those who are alike in narrow origin. April 9

Securing Expression.

of my voice the

April 9th 1913

Securing Expression.
Voice the

Quality of
Enunciation

Pronunciation
Stress

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Initial

3. Final Securing

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Page no. _____
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Limericks

Said a Senior, "I haven't got time
To put all my thoughts into rime,
But I'll tell you one thing
That the way that you sing
Is no less than a blood-curdling crime!"

There was a fictitious professor—
A really most elegant dresser—
He marked—not for knowledge
But said: "When at college
I *do* like to hear a good guesser!"

"I need," said the Student, "a tonic
I'm a wreck from two hours' highly phonic."
"What you need, my dear girl,"
Said the maid with the curl,
"Is a good dose of home-talk—it's chronic."

Said Miss Higgins, quite cutting me short
"You do not know this as you ought."
" 'Tis true," with a sigh,
I made tearful reply;
"But I'm really abominably taught."

A Professor, we'll call Mrs. D——
Invited three Seniors to tea
'Twas over the cake
Her friend made a break,
Saying: "Doubtless, you're room-mates, you three!"

The Editor said: "We must hurry,
I won't have my staff in a flurry,
Don't waste time to talk,
I am for a walk."
The assistants remarked: "We should worry!"

Said a Freshman, "The color's so rich
Such curls would a stone fence bewitch,"
And there I declare
She was off on some hair
When her room-mate remarked, " 'Tis a switch!"

STUDENTS'
A L M A N A C K

FOR THE COLLEGE YEAR OF

1912 - 1913

B E I N G T H E T E N T H Y E A R O F

The **College of New Rochelle**



ESPECIALLY PREPARED AND PRINTED FOR THIS BOOK

Annales
1913

Agricultural

There are many cottages without good gardens. This is a serious mistake, as a carefully tended orchard, and a pretty flowered stretch of land, are both profitable and pleasant, not simply to the inmates of the cottage, but to their immediate neighbors.

If you go into a public park, you see a great variety of trees and flowers; in any produce market you meet with vast quantities of vegetables in various sizes and colors. Yet how is it with the cottages? The very people who can have this rich variety at their own doors, even under their very windows, are content to run to Hitchcock's for their every daisy or tulip, and eke out a meager existence upon the produce of the American Canning Factories! Pitiful, it is, positively pitiful!

Farming on a small scale may be made a pleasure and a recreation to the students. In the first place, the ground should be ploughed early and the seeds planted while the earth is yet damp. Weeds should not be allowed to obtain any size.

Cabbages and potatoes are the best vegetables to begin with as they are always useful—even if they turn out but a questionable success.

(We might name a list of desirable flowers, but any serious student can obtain catalogues of seed dealers, who give full description of all kinds.

In planting the orchard, do not get the trees too thick. Apple trees especially require plenty of room. It is well to furnish the garden, as well as the orchard, with a picket fence—or if preferable—a “barbed-wire fence”—to insure your crops against the depredations of chickens and other fowls.

Everything should be done to secure seasonableness in planting. Never neglect one part of the garden for another. Three hours work in the early Spring mornings will do wonders. The best hours are from 3 to 6 in the morning, because they are usually cooler. Give your gardens a chance and you will be surprised at the results in health, interest, and physical vigor!

Some Interesting Dates

1220—Forks first used in Europe.

Jan. 1913—Forks last used in all cottages except Tea-Room Cottage for the week.

1760—Discovery of ice cream.

March, 1913—Discovery of the Riker-Hegeman strawberry sundae.

1913—Best year for eggs since 1300. (The parcels post by preventing cold storage eggs, has much to do with this phenomenon).

B. C. 1000—Oil lamps for lighting purposes; wax candles, B. C. 200; gas in the cottages from earliest times; electric light from 1911.

1873—First cooking schools in Europe; **Sept. 1912**—First cooking class at C. N. R. (one pupil, one lesson).

1616—Coffee imported by U. S.; **1911**—Same imported by quarterly store; **1913**—After-dinner peanuts introduced by quarterly store.

Students' Almanack for Autumn

Pertinent Points.

You never forget your own meals, so why forget your studies?

* * *

It is easier to be a forecaster than an aftermath. Lots of idiots will believe your predictions, but some fad-dist may remember the past that you have forgotten.

* * *

No Freshman should spend more than \$50 a week. It tends to extravagance.

* * *

"The Blue Bird" was written by Maurice Maeterlinck in a fit of the blues. It has been suggested that others try this line—but the plain, every-day "blues" will not work—it is necessary to be inspired by a bird as well.

* * *

Never ask a Senior her marks of the year before. If they were good, she will tell you anyway.

Answers.

No, Miss Mahoney cannot play "Row, Row, Row" on the organ. The keys are too stiff.

Raw eggs beaten up will cure your cold. Be careful not to use storage eggs. They are sure death in the case of sore throat.

Our musical editor never heard of the composer you mention. She suggests that you are thinking of the famous author of the "Bells of Shandon."

Sept. 23, M. Inspection of Freshmen.

Sept. 24, Tu Registration.

Warmer.

Sept. 25, W. Mass of the Holy Ghost.

Sept. 27, Fri. First Regular Invasion of the 2:12 to N. Y.

Sept. 30, M. Trial of 1916. "I query, Sophs, I can't surmise—The why of Collège Hazing!"

Oct. 6, Su. "The boat tossed like a cork."

Oct. 7, M. Juniors admitted to the one College secret society.

Oct. 18, Fri. First Year Book Game—and last. Staff disillusioned on the subject of ice-cream cones.

Oct. 19, Sa. Founder's Day.

Cool and Snowing.

Oct. 21, M. Year Book Photos. The three little men.

Oct. 23, W. Second Advent of "three little men" and more photos.

Oct. 30, W. Hallowe'en masquerade. Tremendous Becker scene.

Oct. 31 Th. Departure for All Saints' week-end.

Cold and damp.

Nov. 3, Su. Prosperous return of week-enders. Year Book Staff and Bazaar Committees begin money schemes.

Nov. 4, M. Poll of the College. Results: Wilson, 67; Taft, 20; Year Book, \$6.00. Speech by Miss Mahoney on cost of living.

Nov. 6, W. Villa Rosa at the height of popularity.

Nov. 8, Fr. Struggle between Quarterly and Dramatic Staff on subject of photos. Conflict with Art. Faculty victorious.

Nov. 10, Su. Rose-tree committee meets in Sky parlor "23."

Nov. 13, W. Heavy rain. Officers wish Bazaar were over.

Nov. 15, Fr. First games of series between Sophomores and Freshmen. 1914 and 1916 disappointed in Patrick. Score 22-10 in favor of Sophs.

Nov. 17, Su. Quarterly and Dramatic Staff photos taken in N. Y. "We mourn the vacancy in our ranks."

Nov. 19, Tu. Resurrection of old jokes by Freshmen.

Fair and cool.

Nov. 20, W. National Biscuit Co's cake won by M. M. Ignatius.

Nov. 22, Fr. Seniors depart for Yale-Harvard game. Also Y. B. editor. Soph.-Freshm. dance.

Nov. 24, Su. Why did Harvard win?

Nov. 26, Tu. 6,912th anniversary of the return of the dove to the ark.

Nov. 27, W. Thanksgiving recess.

Students' Almanack for Winter

Pertinent Points.

The best pens are those imported from New York. Don't be misled by the Quarterly store keeper or Peanut John.

* * *

Japan is a small island about as long as Long Island and half as wide. It has been inhabited for many years. Possibly since the Tower of Babel.

* * *

"Never judge a book by its cover." Look at Shakespeare.* He died over 297 years ago, and yet the Temple edition in leather looks quite new.

* * *

The ideal Student does not cram. If she does not know her subject, she flunks. Some things are worth a dollar and this is one of them.

Answers.

Yes, the College Library is open on Sundays.

If you have never heard of C. N. R., the fault is your own. The Quarterly comes out four times a year for 25c. a copy—and the Year Book is "the best advertisement we've got."

You are quite right. It **is** bad form to prompt the teacher. Be patient and remember that Rome was not built in a day!

Dec. 1, Su. Return to C. N. R. by 6 p. m. or "One dollar, please!"

Dec. 2, M. Bazaar fever. Articles in Sky Parlour "23."

Dec. 3, Tu. "Breen had a goat and boo-hoo, it died, boo-hoo, it died, boo-hoo, it died!" Cremation, 12:30. Near relatives only attended.

Dec. 4, W. Formation of College Debating Club by 1915.

Dec. 5, Th. First rehearsal of Turkish-Mikado Play. **Rain.**

Dec. 6, Fr. Sodality Bazaar. "Did you see the silk skirt on the rose-tree?"

Dec. 7, Sa. Horse-show, Heintz Ana and Wild Woman. Recuperation of rose tree. Revision of letter system. \$420 clear.

Dec. 8, Su. High Mass. Sodality Dance. Oriental atmosphere in play.

Dec. 9, M. "My friend of the Telegraph Co." Sodality officers wish it were vacation.

Dec. 13, Fr. Black Friday. "English with a brogue" in Sociology and report on "tinware, underwear and overalls."

Dec. 16, M. Sophomore Play. **Rain and colder.**

Dec. 19, Th. Christmas Dinner. "What ever did you do with all the money we sent you?"

Dec. 20, Fr. Christmas vacation begins.

Jan. 5, Su. End of Christmas holidays.

Jan. 7, Tu. Supression of "Quarterly."

Jan. 9, Th. "I wish I had a man."

Jan. 15, W. Alumnae Dance. "Got to bed at 4 o'clock this morning m' dear!"

Jan. 20, M. Beginning of exam. week. The day of the grinds.

Jan. 23, Th. Year Book Editor's birthday party. Re-appearance of "Tim, Denny and the twins."

Jan. 27, M. Cottage Tea-Rooms all the rage. **Snow.**

Feb. 9, Su. Shakespeare versus Moliere in dramatics.

Feb. 12, W. Lincoln's Birthday—no holiday.

Feb. 21, Fr. Year Book Staff visits the Printer's Office.

Feb. 25, Tu. Prof. Coleman takes to giving essay work.

Feb. 26, W. "I wonder how many of you girls expect to graduate." Two hour methods class over-worked.

Feb. 28, Fr. Last day of February.*

*Note—February has twenty-eight days except in Leap Year, when it has twenty-nine. It is the shortest month.

Students' Almanack for Spring

Pertinent Points.

Oliver Cromwell was born in 1599. He was an Englishman who began a new style in hair-dressing for men. He objected to curls.

* * *

Spring tonics are in order. Riker's have a very good one for 98c. a bottle—but you can always sample the Scranton brand in "23" for nothing.

* * *

Dark straw keeps clean longer than light straw. Therefore choose a dark hat for the Spring. Of course, the dirt is there just the same, but it does not show on the dark.

* * *

Never complain of your difficulties in study to the Faculty. They are convinced that half of us are defective already.

Answers.

No, the cubist art is not catching. It is a gift.

The color of your eyes has nothing to do with your bad luck. However, you could wear dark glasses as an experiment.

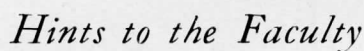
Yes, the capital of England is London, on the Thames (pronounced Tems). It would be impossible to reach there by row-boat. It is customary now-a-days to travel thither by steamer.

No, we do not accept flunk slips by mail.

- Mar. 1, Sa. "The Learned Ladies" at the Plaza. "Well, well, did anyone object?"
- Mar. 3, M. Holiday for the caste. "Wish I **had** kept my part now."
- Mar. 4, Tu. Freshman Year-Book Entertainment. Can you keep a red light on **your** slipper when "there is no light at all"?
- Mar. 5, W. Lecture on J. H. Newman.
- Mar. 7, Fr. Philosophers philanthropically predisposed to St. Thomas Aquinas.
- Mar. 10, M. Beginning of famous season commonly known as spring. **Warm east winds.**
- Mar. 15, Sa. Mid-Year Meet. Ides of March. **Very cloudy—rain.**
- * Mar. 17, M. Freshman Feast Day. The reign of Betty-bands and shamrock and "wearing of the green."
- Mar. 18, Tu. Opening of Retreat.
- Mar. 19, W. "Is taking a snap-shot breaking silence?"
- Mar. 21, Fr. Hot cross buns.
- Mar. 21, Sa. Beginning of Easter holidays.
- Mar. 25, Tu. Year Book Literary Meeting in N. Y. Library. **Heavy Rain.**
- Mar. 30, Su. End of Easter holidays.
- April 1, Tu. College gets an extra week's vacation.*
- April 9, W. Year Book Staff—"deadly ill, I am, deadly ill."
- April 11, Fr. "Sermons in Stones."
- April 12, Sa. Year Book supposed to go to press. O Tot, O Tot, O Tot!
- April 14, M. Varsity Practice.
- April 15, Tu. The problem of Socialism.
- April 16, W. No Methods. Senior class disappointed. **Warmer.**
- April 17, Th. No more Villa Rosa. "Try 39."
- April 18, Fr. When in doubt—try the poker!
- April 22, Tu. Year Book to press.
- April 23, W. Collapse of Y. B. Staff.
- April 28, M. Sophomore-Senior Banquet. Baseball season opens.
- April 29, Tu. Mathew Vassar born, 1792, and his ideas of "higher education of women."
- April 30, W. Varsity Sophomore Basket-ball game.
- May 1, Th. "'Your essays, please,' they coldly said."
- May 9, Fr. Glee Club Concert.
- May 10, Sa. Summer, as advertised by many of our famous poets really begins.
- May 13, Tu. Examinations and "What is Philosophy?"
- May 25, Su. Baccalaureate Sermon.
- May 26, M. Sodality Day.
- May 30, Fr. Year Book arrives. Staff "gets out."
- May 31, Sa. End of Commencement week.
- June 9, M. Examination week.
- June 14, Sa. Home for the Summer vacation.

*Note—April fool!

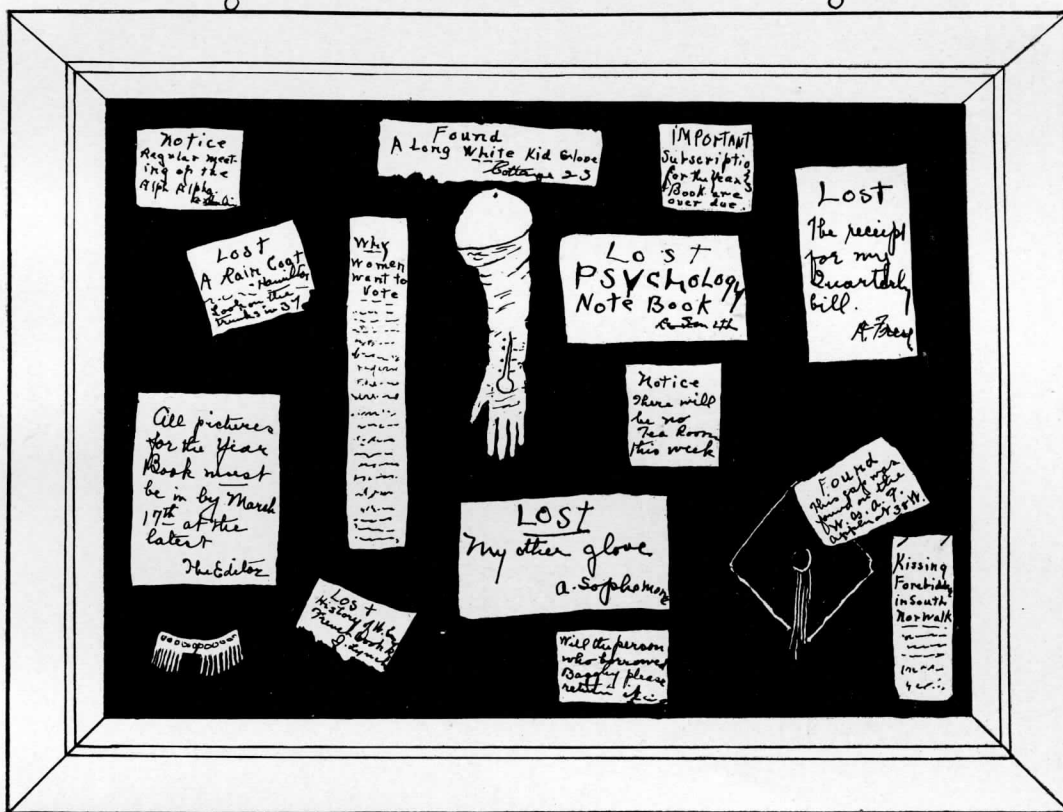
Official



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The Bulletin Board

Unofficial



Hints to the Students

The Faculty prefer typewritten notices.

If you are an Editor or a Campus Official, write your notices on College Seal paper. The organization of which you are the head will pay your Quarterly bill.

Do not imagine that the entire campus is interested in your troubles. If you have met with a loss, be a woman and bear it. A notice will not help you, in any case.

Honest girls are requested not to pin their findings on the Bulletin Board. A neat coat rack has been provided for every class-room.

Treasurers are warned that it is dangerous to keep harping upon unpaid dues—in the way of notices. No girl allows her dues to accumulate for the pleasure of the thing.

From the Quarterly Point of View

Ten minutes more and I,
Dear me, must go to class.
I must write something. Pass
That pen, please. I did try
All this whole morning. Why,
Breakfast I cut, and Mass.
Ten Minutes more and I,
Dear me, must go to class.
"Dear heart, for you I sigh"—
That's the first line. (Alas!
This course I'll never pass!)
The rest I've yet to try.
Ten Minutes more and I,
Dear me, must go to class.

When the dues begin to fall
I'm in despair—are you?
If there were only one or two
I wouldn't need a parasol.
But as it is, what with them all
I'm drenched clear through and through
So when the dues begin to fall
I'm in despair—are you?

Mary was my room-mate,
Mary was my pard;
Mary liked the things I had
And used them pretty hard.

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindled, oft-times by hastiness;
A gown around the shoulders thrown,
Hiding the rent, alas! unsewn!
An erring pin which here and there
Slides out of the disordered hair,
A cap neglectful and thereby
Curls in a mix and puffs awry.
A telling point, deserving note
In the much showing petticoat,
The careless shoes from buttons free
Awaken a friendly sympathy;
And seem more natural than when art
Is too precise in every part.

Ann Anderson, my dear Ann,
When we came in the Gym,
Your locks were smooth and neat, Ann,
Your nose with powder, trim.
But now your hair is mussed, Ann,
Your nose with grief I scan,
And I must prod you lest you sleep,
Ann Anderson, my Ann.

Ann Anderson, my dear Ann,
We climbed the stairs together,
Two hours since that fated time
We've spent with one another!
At last the woman's through, Ann,
Go? Yes, thank heaven, we can.
Straighten your cap and come, child,
Ann Anderson, my Ann.

Take, Oh, take that crush away,
That so sweetly was foresworn,
And those eyes, at break of day,
Blinking, sleepy and forlorn.
But those flowers bring again,
Bring again—
Pledge of Love, but pledged in vain;
Pledged in vain

I.

Where I am, the halls are brilliant,
Thronged with students bright and fair;
Strains of wild mandolic music
Tinkle forth the college air:—
Nothing stirs the peaceful silence
Save the loss of little me,
In the home I left behind me
When I fain would be!

II.

Where I am, is Economics,
Latin, Math and Art divine,
And the bright girls of the College
Interchange their thoughts with mine:—
But a few fond hearts are waiting,
Waiting, wild for my degree;
Far away,—the place I came from—
Where I fain would be!



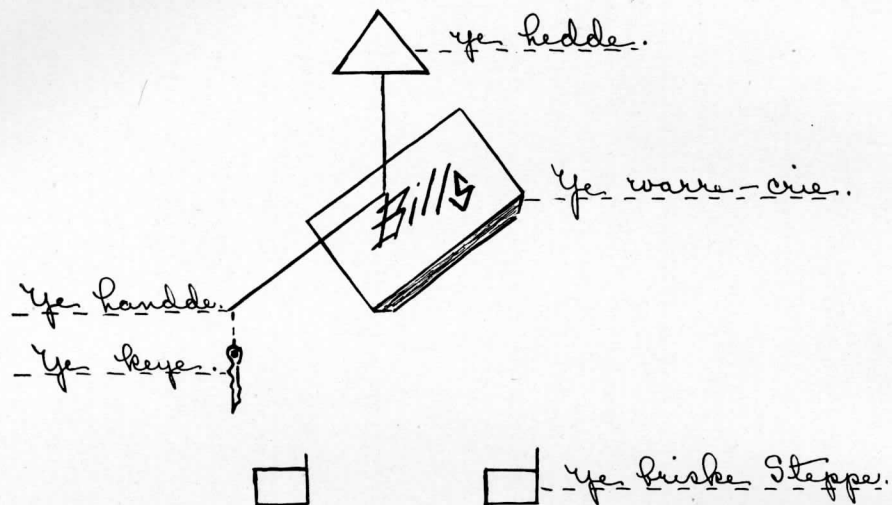
Last Ravings—A Pantoum

The Seniors are weary, with work sadly worn.
I wish I were blond, pink, and fat.
They're tear stained and ink marked and very forlorn.
My dear, I just love your new hat.
I wish I were blond, pink and fat.
I think I shall go to the Tea Room to-day.
My dear, I just love your new hat.
Of course you can come, too, if you care to pay.
I think I shall go to the Tea Room to-day.
No, I don't really like that girl's eyes.
Of course you can come, too, if you care to pay.
The thing you wrote *was* a surprise.
No, I don't really like that girl's eyes.
My very soul pines for a good piece of cake.
The thing you wrote *was* a surprise.
I think without doubt I've a paper on Blake.
My very soul pines for a good piece of cake.
She won't let her picture go in.
I think without doubt I've a paper on Blake.
She says it looks just like her twin.
She won't let her picture go in.
The Spring rain that's falling is leaving me wet.
She says it looks just like her twin.
Some people think firmness lies in being "set."
The Spring rain that's falling is leaving me wet.
It's time I gave this thing an end.
Some people think firmness lies in being "set."
'Twas the last bit of verse that she penned.
It's time I gave this thing an end.
They're tear-stained and ink marked and very forlorn.
'Twas the last bit of verse that she penned.
The Seniors are weary with work, sadly worn.



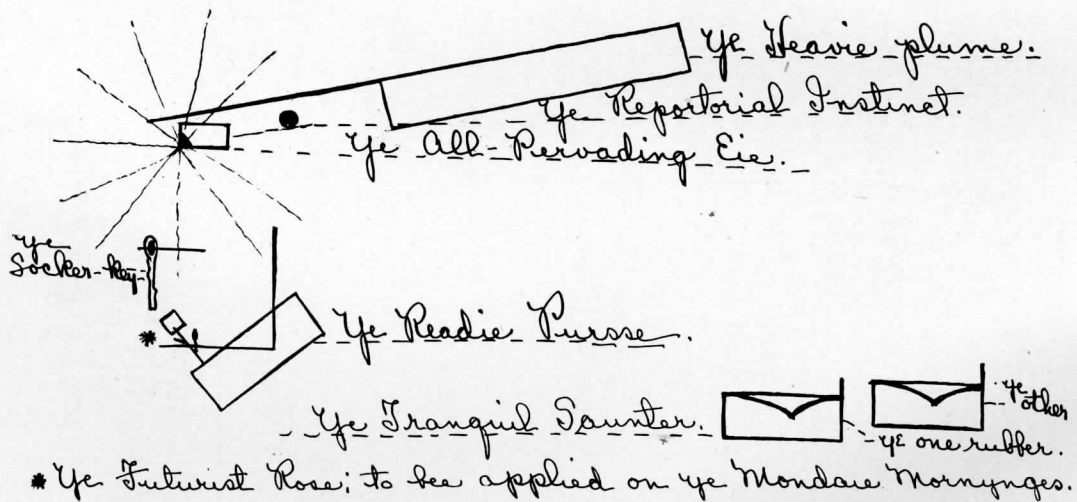
Ann asked us to put this in

**Ye Futurist Impressions of
Ye Campus Worthies**



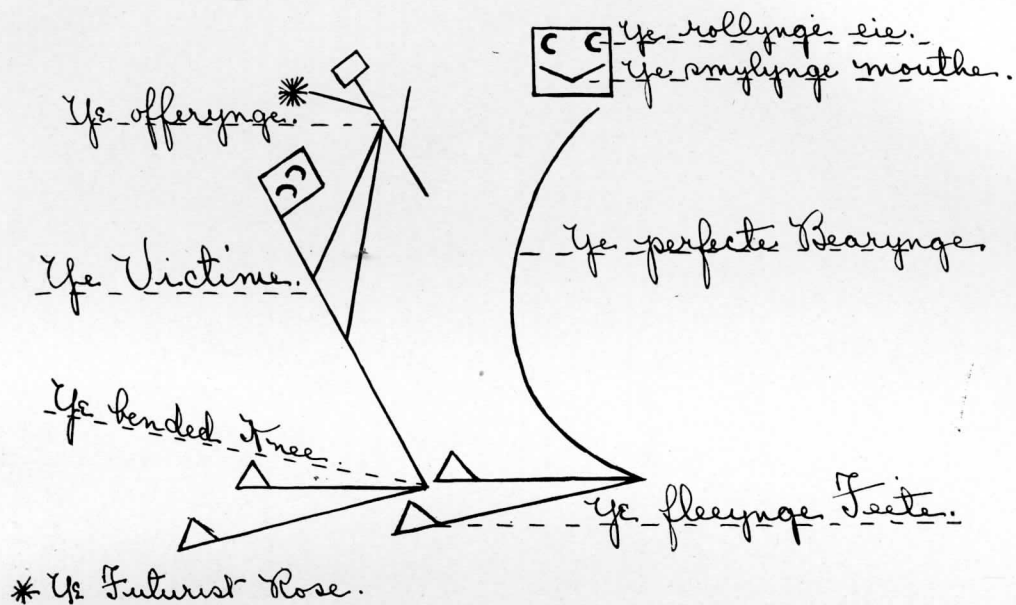
Ye Quarterlie Store Keeper.

Att a meeting thys daye of ye Quarterlie Staffe, Goodwife Jettenhoffe hath libertie to keepe a shoppe of common refreshment if ye Moderator consente, provided shee keepe it outside ye Houres of Classe, or nere them.



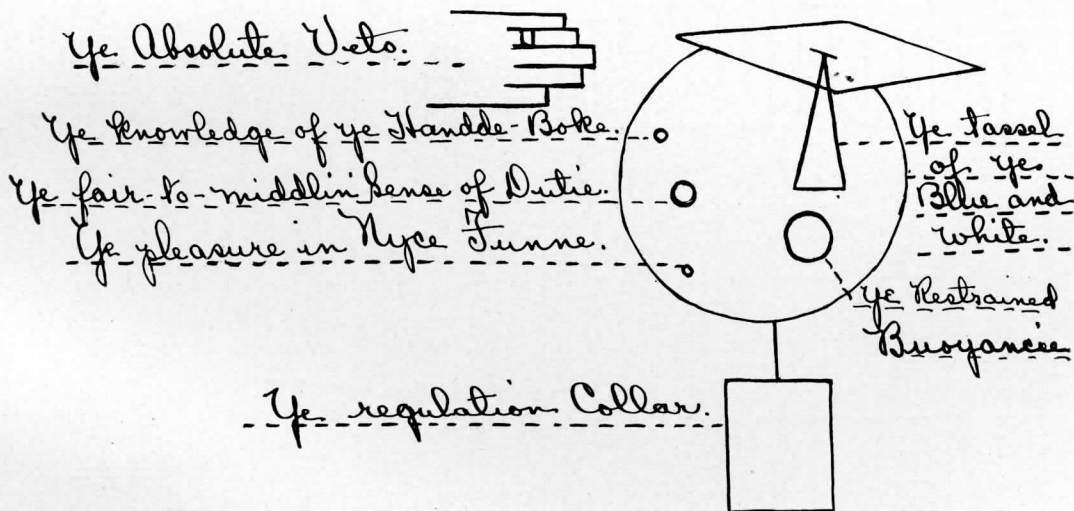
Ye Daye-Scholar.

Ye New Rochelle Station, Eighth of Ye First Month. Arrived ye 8.22 from ye River Harleme with Mistress Anna Duffie as passengere.



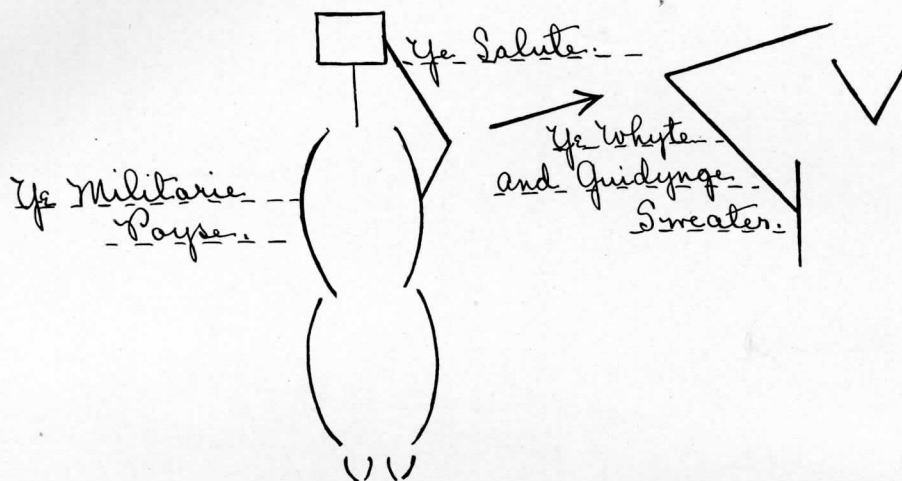
Ye Siren.

Susan Serpent, having bewitched ye yonge daughter of Master John Doe into divers acts which betoken ye Disordered Minde and fitts of ye Ineedastrongfriend, is condemned by ye General Gossyps to bearre ye publik irronie.



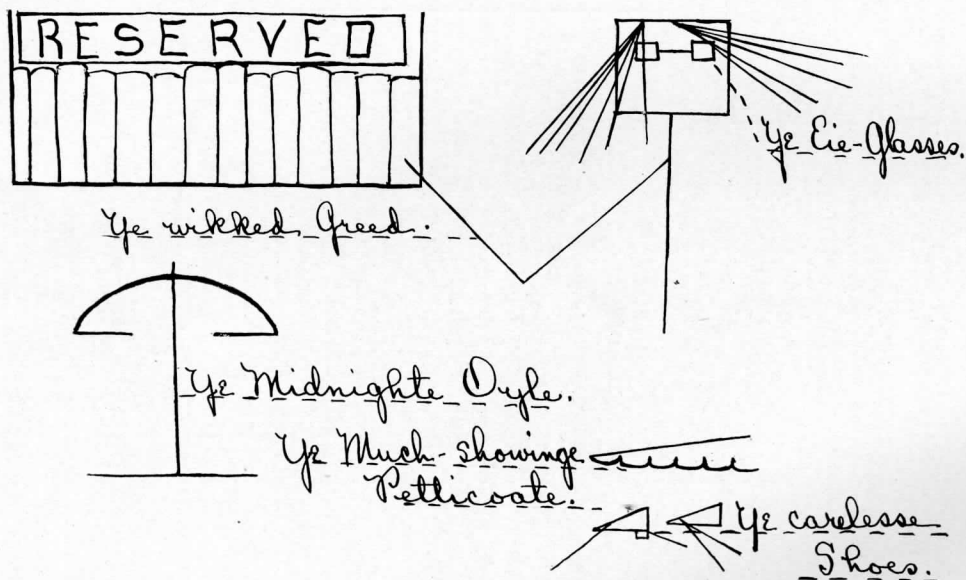
Ye Advisorie Board Member.

Jemima Lightfoote is ordered to oversee ye Maydes att ye Moringe Assemblie, that they comport themselves with reverence in ye tyme of Roll-call and act accordynge to her instructyons therein.



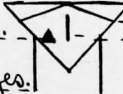
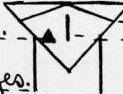
Ye Sophomore Sergeant.


Att ye Mid-Year Meett, Mistress Edythe Swyfte did manage ye two Battalions with a skill truly wonderful in a Femayle.




Ye Grindde

Mistress Henryetta Higgins was summoned before ye Advisorie Board on thys 12th of ye Fourthe Monthe, charged with having secreted thre copies of ye Baglie behind ye Magazine Racke.

-- Ye patche.  -- Ye Snoode.
Ye earre-Ringges.  -- Ye Powdered nose.

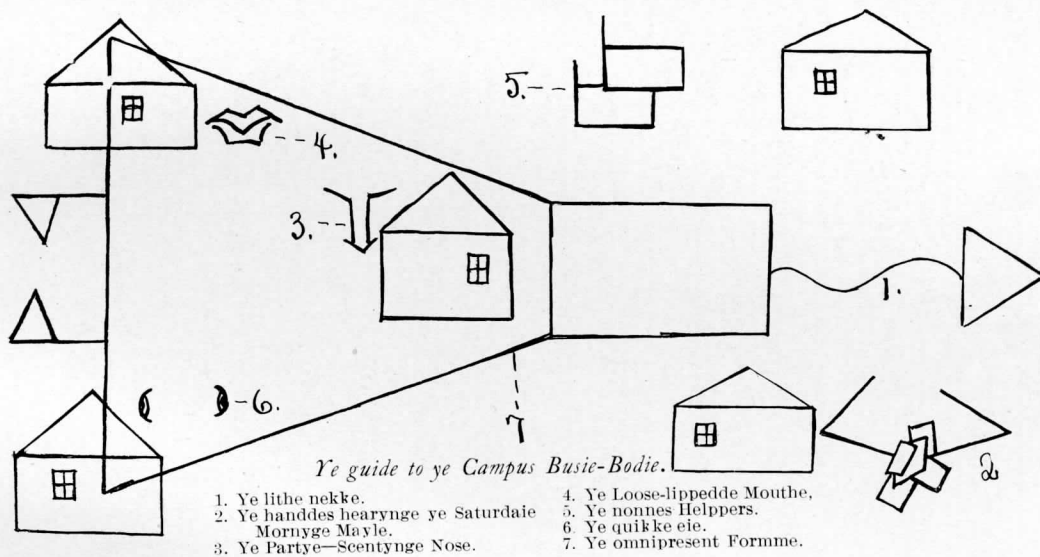
 Ye low-necked Blouse.

 Ye Feet performing
Ye ultra Dances.

Ye Forbidden Type.

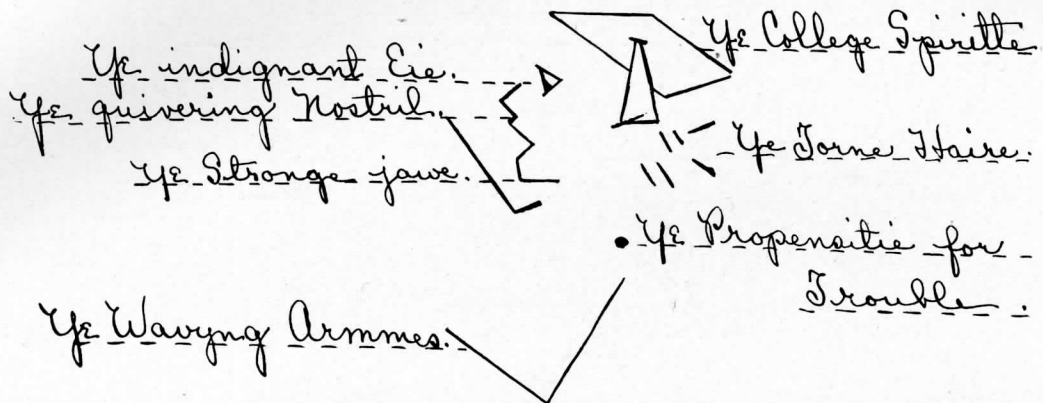
Ye Laste of ye Sixth Monthe.

Att a Meeting of ye Advisorie Board it was ordered that Gertrude Goodmayde shall sufficiently suppress all ye Bettie Bands or ye Snoode, and ye Ear-ringges of ye Campus.



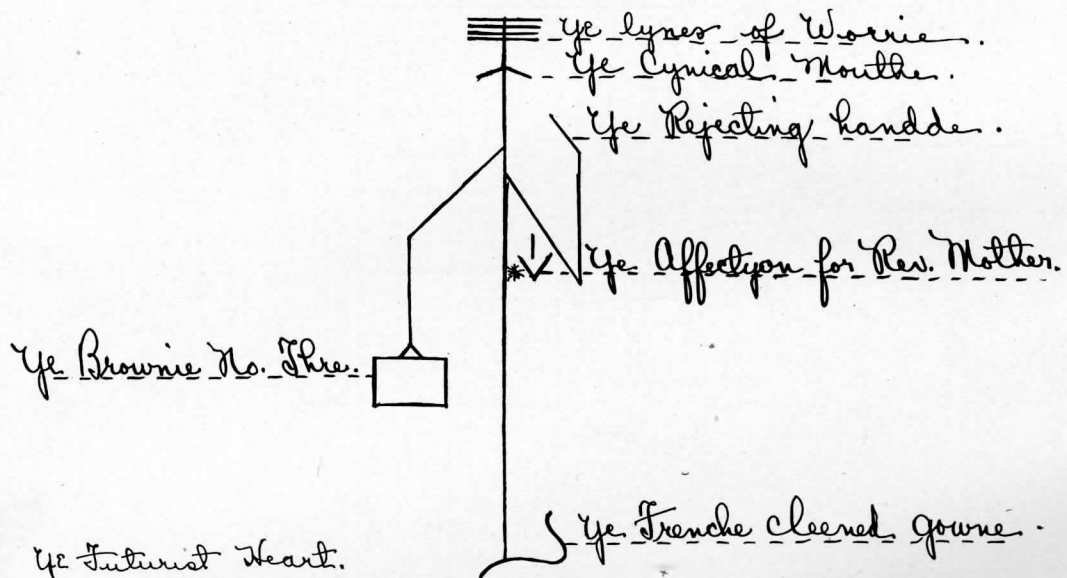
Ye Campus Busie-Bodie.

On thys Saturdaie mornynge of Ye Third Monthe, Mistress Pauline Pry did make her customarie tour of ye Campus, giving each cottage ye paynstaking supervision, as is her wont.



Ye Mayde of Spiritte.

Att ye regular meeting of ye Athletyc Assocyation, Mistress Judith Jumpup did give mightie Vent to her feelings on the subject of ye College Spiritte vs. ye Inborne Selfishness.



Ye Yeere Boke Editor.

In ye presence of ye Yeere Boke Staffe, ye Editor complayned to ye aide-de-camp Seemyng of ye severe payn in ye ryght handde and wriste caused by ye too frequent movement of rejectyon.

Idea of a University

Father—A pretty heavy expense.

Sophomore—Opportunity to beat the Freshmen at Basket-Ball.

Freshman—Chance to enter "our best circles."

Senior—Opportunity for the faculty to study the eccentricities of genius.

Faculty—"A means and facility for the higher education of young women."

Day-Scholar—A break in the day.

Elder Brother—A lot of nonsense.

Graduate—What does it matter, it's all over

List of Unofficial Speakers

For the Year 1912-13

| | |
|------------------------|---|
| MISS CENDOYA..... | "Banting Versus Wubber-Shuits" |
| MISS CALLAN..... | "Shakespeare and I" |
| MISS BARRETT..... | "Points on Genuflecting" |
| MISS DEMAREST..... | "Dignity as a Fine Art" |
| MISS CODY..... | "Our Cities Beautiful" |
| MISS HOWLEY..... | "Athletics at the Mount" |
| MISS SWIFT..... | "Proper Food for Growing Girls" |
| MISS LANGDON..... | "The Mandolin as an Aid to Temperament" |
| MISS WILTZ..... | "Children I Have Known" |
| MISS MAHONEY..... | "Taste in the Selection of Organ Music" |
| MISS DONLIN..... | "Philosophy and the Young Girl" |
| MISS G. DOUGHERTY..... | "Why Freshmen Should Be Dignified" |
| MISS MCCARTHY..... | "Sunrise on the Alps" |
| MISS HAMILTON..... | "My Tennis Tournaments" |
| MISS KELLY..... | "Correspondence and Popularity" |

The Year Book and the Quarterly

(After Lewis Carroll.)

The Year Book and the Quarterly
Were walking hand in hand.
They wept like anything to see
Such pages in demand.
"If we were only written up,"
They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven pens
Wrote on for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Year Book said,
"They'd fill us both, my dear?"
"I doubt it," said the Quarterly,
And shed a bitter tear.

The Editor had seen them both,
But never a word she said—
The Editor winked a bleary eye
And shook a heavy head—
Meaning to say she could not choose
One in the other's stead.

The Year Book and the Quarterly
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a shelf
Conveniently low,
While all the Editors stood 'round
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Year Book said,
"To send us both to press.
There's not a line in either and
You haven't time to dress."
"Moreover," said the Quarterly,
"You've got us in a mess."

"But wait a bit," the Year Book cried,
"Before we have our chat,
For all of them are nervous wrecks,
And some of them are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Quarterly.
(They thanked him much for that.)

"A verse or two," the Year Book said,
"Is what we chiefly need.
Stories and essays, if they're light,
Are very good indeed.
So if you're ready, Editors,
We can begin to read."

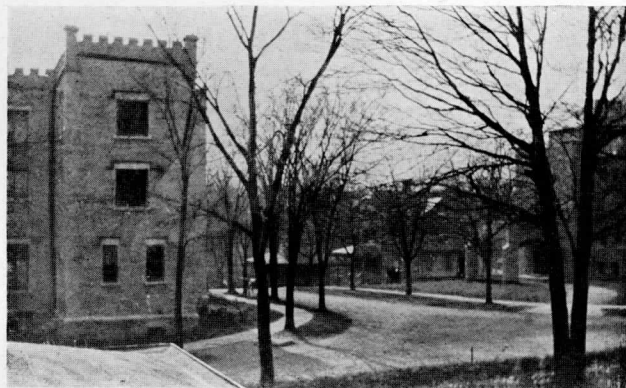
"Read what?" the Editors inquired,
Turning a little blue.
"For friends to use each other is
A dismal thing to do!"
"The night is fine," the Year Book said;
"Do you admire the view?"

"I do adore your Pot-Pourri,
Your college notes are nice."
The Quarterly said nothing but
"I'll take that subtle slice."
Do turn your page—you must be deaf;
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Year Book said,
"To play them such a trick,
After we've led them on so far
And made them pay so quick!"
The Quarterly said nothing but
"Subscribers are so thick!"

"I weep for you," the Year Book said;
"I deeply sympathize"—
"You, too," returned the Quarterly,
"Can claim my grieving sighs."
They held a college banner up
To shield their streaming eyes.

"O friends!" exclaimed the Editors,
"You've had your little fun.
Come, separate yourselves again."
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
The two had turned to one!



*Place the following expressions and "Flunk-Chaser"
the College Cat, is yours!*

"Girls, you know in my position——"

"The rest of us fly around and think we're some kiddos—but we're nothing when it comes to the crucial point—absolute nothing."

"Girls, no talking after the second bell!"

"Is that a paradox?"

" 'S time, Professor."

"A Kid, a kid, my father bought for two pieces of money. A Kid, a kid."

"Have you had tea at the Ritz?"

"Of course, we haven't got money, but——"

"The final dot upon the "i" in literary criticism."

"Of course, I have not experienced this, but I got it from my reading, girls!"

One maid won praise through R. L. S.

It wakened a desire to please

Another striving did confess—

One maid won praise through R. L. S.—

"My topic will be but a guess"

On "G. K. C." she wrote—with Ease.

One maid won praise through R. L. S.

It wakened a desire to please.

May baskets and violets

Sonnets and triolets

Such was the sweet toll May used to demand

Walks along Pelham

Ah! How to tell them!

"And the voice of the turtle was heard in the land."

"May baskets for ladies"

Burnt off'rings on May-days

"Great Heavens! You *are* in past hist'ry" they say

Violets and myrtles

Lone saddened turtles

{There's no room for you in the scheme of to-day.

Did I Ever Mention

"Locksley Hall—Sixty years after?"

"The wrist-buttoned sporadic variation?"

"That canaries without crests are better than canaries with no crests at all?"

"That *facts—facts* are above dreams?"

"Ellson?—I'll read you what he says about——"

"The three doctors that examined my case and pronounced me dead?"

"Acceleration per second per second?"

"That I had the pleasure of discussing the question of the Greek Play with Mr. Sargent?"

"That I am wondering how some of you expect to graduate?"

"The time I met Rubenstein?"



Three o'clock from Three Points of View

At three the clock went off, my dears—
At three the clock went off.
An essay would my roommate write—
She'd wasted all the blessed night.
I wonder, dears, we didn't fight—
At three the clock went off.

At three 'twas handed in, my dears—
At three 'twas handed in,
A brilliant essay, neatly done
With points that had been culled from none.
I fed her with a hot cross bun—
At three 'twas handed in.

At three she got it back, my dears—
At three she got it back,
All bright red ink—in careful hand.
Each page then, dears, by her was scanned,
By her and all her little band—
At three she got it back.

Amateur Annoyances

"If music be the food of love, play on—."
"To the death, my Lord!"
"I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace."
"'Twas but the name—on the house."
"I will smile—I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings and
cross-gartered."
"Lord, sister, this is merest vapoing!"
"Then, be your eyes, your sole interpreters."
"I whipt me behind the arras."
"I don't know—Greek."
"Oh, that I had been writ down an ass."
"I talk right off the reel—same as my own folks do."

Broken Idols

Sing Me to Sleep.
The Rosary,
And Forgotten.
The "Spa" since Easter.
College Banners.
Harrison Fisher.
Our High School Literary Style.
Our room-mates.
Our Poetry.
Her Puffs—since "simplex mundities."
Mary Garden Perfume.
Villa Rosa.

Rejected Material

*At the urgent appeal of the printer for more material the editors decided to run in a page made up of lines from rejected manuscript.

BY SNARE OF FAIR.

Chap. XXVII.

Courtenay clasped her little fingers in his strong, right hand. He said nothing; but she knew he was sparring for time. She sobbed vaguely. A great wave of pity for himself came sweeping over him. It originated in the dread that after all, she might continue to sob all day. Suddenly her face was illumined; it seemed lighted with a strange joy—she had found her handkerchief—and he loved her. "Courtenay—Court—Court!" she found herself whispering. Doubt, unbelief enveloped him; he knew that he was seventy-five cents short of his cab fare. He thanked Heaven that she did not know they were in the blockade of butcher's carts at Center avenue and Main street, with the meter mounting by the minute. Thus he would protect her forever—safe in his strong arms from the hate of a cynical world.

To the Daisies.

Darling little daisies
More than merely one
Tender bloomlets everywhere
Alone, yet not alone.

Pulsing in the sunlight
Lovely forms so true.
Faithful to the sad, sad hearts
Who depend on you.

Perfectness of being
Beautifies the lawn
Like the joyous sunflower
Daisies greet the dawn.

I love the raging of the storm
Why is it? Can we know?
Life large in possibility
Says sternly—ah! No! No!—

I see thy reckless rigor rage
O storm—A fuller, deeper meaning
Has filled my sup, and purest love
Towards all humanity is leaning.

*Editor's Note.

(This came to us in the form of a novelette. For purely private editorial reasons—we are suppressing all but the last portion which is a remarkable bit of work showing close observation, action, and climax.)



SHE DID IT !

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| Barrett, Mary..... | Windsor Locks, Conn. |
| Barry, Elizabeth..... | Meriden, Conn. |
| Bohan, Mary..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| Booth, Marion..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Brady, Eleanor..... | Fordham, N. Y. |
| Brady, Adele..... | Fordham, N. Y. |
| Breen, Florence..... | Long Island City |
| Burns, Julia..... | Portchester, N. Y. |
| Callan, Gertrude..... | New York City |
| Cendoya, Maria..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Cody, Anna..... | Port Jervis, N. Y. |
| Collins, Marguerite..... | Bronx, N. Y. |
| Collins, Natalie..... | Bronx, N. Y. |
| Collins, Louise..... | Bronx, N. Y. |
| Condon, Serena..... | New Rochelle, N. Y. |
| Coyne, Gertrude..... | New York City |
| Coyne, Loretta..... | Utica, N. Y. |
| Creagh, Catherine..... | Bethel, Conn. |
| Creed, Anne..... | New York City |
| Cuddihy, Helene..... | New York City |
| Curran, Mary..... | New York City |
| Curry, Edena..... | Elmhurst, L. I. |
| Demarest, Winifred..... | New York City |
| Dennehy, May..... | New York City |
| Doherty, Gertrude..... | New York City |
| Donlin, Anna..... | New York City |
| Donlin, Loretta..... | New York City |

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| Duffy, Anna..... | New York City |
| Farmer, Elizabeth..... | New York City |
| Feig, Rose..... | Flushing, L. I. |
| Finigan, Catherine..... | Norwich, N. Y. |
| Fisher, Alice..... | Yonkers, N. Y. |
| Fleming, Frances..... | Charlotte, N. Y. |
| Fleming, Marie..... | Charlotte, N. Y. |
| Foley, Florence..... | New York City |
| Gianella, Amalia..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Gordon, Alice..... | Portchester, N. Y. |
| Grey, Mary..... | South Norwalk, Conn. |
| Hafey, Rosa..... | Chicopee, Mass. |
| Hamilton, Alida..... | New York City |
| Hamilton, Anne..... | New York City |
| Hannon, Mary..... | Hartford, Conn. |
| Harvey, Olive..... | Tupper Lake, N. Y. |
| Howley, Helen..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| Hume, Dorothy..... | Hackensack, N. J. |
| Hurley, Mildred..... | Baldwin, L. I. |
| Hynes, Ann..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Jackson, Alice..... | Tuckahoe, N. Y. |
| Jettinghoff, Ethel..... | Delphos, O. |
| Jones, Mary..... | Laconia, Ga. |
| Judge, Gladys..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Keating, Josephine..... | New York City |
| Keating, Mary..... | New York City |
| Kelly, Cornelia..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| Kelly Elizabeth..... | Wilmington, Del. |
| Kenney, May..... | Sharon, Conn. |
| Kent, Elizabeth..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Kieran, Ella..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Kieran, Marie..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |

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| Komora, Irene..... | New York City |
| Lally, Mary..... | North Adams, Mass. |
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| Langdon, Marie..... | Coytesville, N. J. |
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| Loughlin, Anne..... | Greenwich, Conn. |
| Lyman, Ruth..... | Alexandria Bay, Thousand Islands |
| Lynch, Dorothy..... | New Rochelle, N. Y. |
| Lynch, Janette..... | Niagara, N. Y. |
| McCann, Agnes..... | New York City |
| McCarthy, Margaret..... | Boston, Mass. |
| McDonald, Margaret..... | Roxbury, Mass. |
| McHugh, Anna..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| McMahon, Anna..... | South Norwalk, Conn. |
| McMahon, Evelyn..... | Jersey City, N. J. |
| McManus, Marie..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| McNamara, Margaret..... | Fishkill-on-Hudson |
| Mahoney, Alice..... | Westerly, R. I. |
| March, Olive..... | New York City |
| May, Virginia..... | Toledo, O. |
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| Mitchell, Claire..... | New York City |
| Monahan, Grace..... | New Haven, Conn. |
| Mulligan, Charlotte..... | Fordham, N. Y. |
| Murphy, Frances..... | Liberty, N. Y. |
| Murphy, Letitia..... | Astoria, L. I. |
| O'Brien, Anna..... | Portchester, N. Y. |
| O'Brien, Helen..... | Scranton, Pa. |
| O'Brien, Julia..... | Seneca Falls, N. Y. |

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| O'Reilly, Mary..... | Fishkill-on-Hudson |
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| Rafferty, Sadie..... | Newark, N. J. |
| Ransom, Margaret..... | Elmira, N. Y. |
| Rider, Charlotte..... | South Norwalk, Conn. |
| Robson, Mary..... | New York City |
| Roche, Vera..... | New York City |
| Robson, Mary..... | New York City |
| Rooney, Marie..... | New Rochelle, N. Y. |
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| Russell, Mary..... | Poughkeepsie, N. Y. |
| Ryan, Edwina..... | Astoria, L. I. |
| Ryan, Florence..... | Ware, Mass. |
| Ryan, Monna..... | South Norwalk, Conn. |
| Scully, Natalie..... | South Norwalk, Conn. |
| Seymour, Louise..... | New York City |
| Seymour, Ruth..... | New York City |
| Spaulding, Frances..... | New York City |
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| Talbot, Anne..... | Greenwich, Conn. |
| Van Wyck, Helloane..... | Brooklyn, N. Y. |
| Waldron, Helen..... | Newark, N. J. |
| Warner, Margaret..... | New Rochelle, N. Y. |
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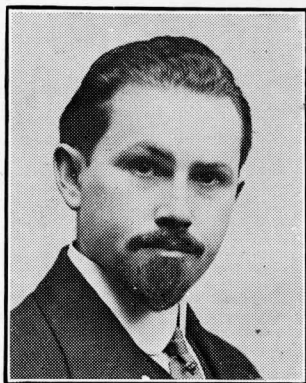
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